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The Saturday Review of Literature

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UP to now, everyone has been at liberty to hope what he pleased about the future. But henceforward, it will be every man's business to inform himself of what can happen and what, irrespective of personal ideals, hopes, or desires, will happen.

—Oswald Spengler,
"The Decline of the West"

Modern Man Is Obsolete

An Editorial

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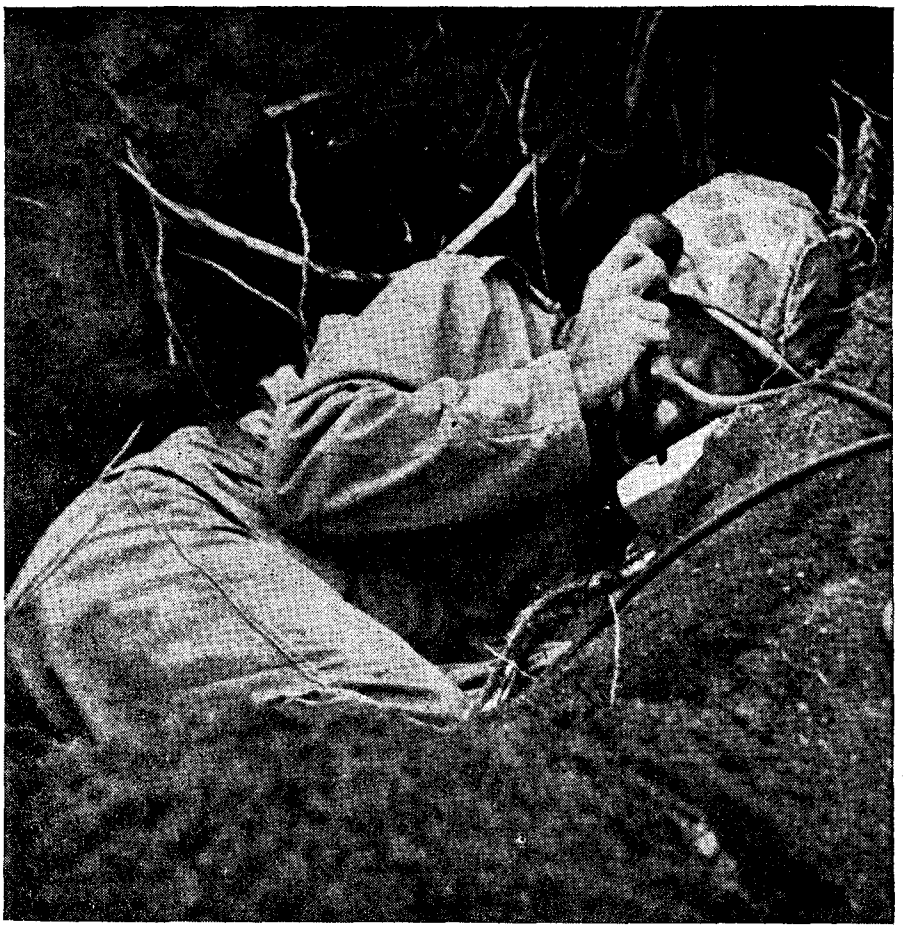

PACIFIC TELEPHONE BOOTH . . . U. S. MARINE, BURROWED IN HIS FOXHOLE, TELEPHONES FOR ARTILLERY SUPPORT TO WIPE OUT JAPANESE MORTARS.

From factory to foxhole it's a telephone war

In just one landing operation against the Japs, our Navy used more than seven hundred ships equipped with 48,000 telephones. With their switchboards and associated equipment, that's enough to serve a city of 160,000 people. These shipboard telephones were equipped with 5,000,000 feet of wire.

Add to these figures the needs of other naval units and the millions of men in the Army's ground and air forces and you get some idea of the tremendous amount of communications equipment required by war. It helps to answer the question of why telephone equipment is scarce on the home front.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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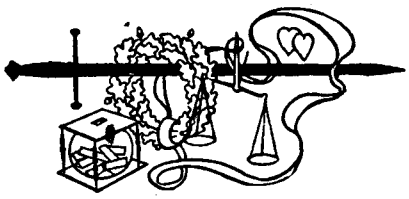
HISTORY OF A NOVEL



THE YEAR WAS 1894 and Henry Holt, like other solid publishers of his day, was doing the bulk of his business in works of science, history, mathematics, and collections of English literature, texts in the modern languages and in Latin and Greek. Of the 198 pages of his catalog for December of that year, 188 are devoted to works of this nature. The next eight pages describe the contents of seven years of his monthly magazine, *Educational Review*, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler and contributed to by such notable scholars as Josiah Royce, Seth Low, John Dewey, Brander Matthews, Charles W. Eliot, and many others. Then follow two brief pages of announcements of what we call today new "trade books", indicating that the publishing of random literature for the lay public was something of a risk in Mr. Holt's eyes. Listed there are JEROME K. JEROME'S NOVEL NOTES; an historical romance by Alice E. Lord called THE DAYS OF LAMB AND COLERIDGE; and an enterprising how-to manual entitled ON HORSEBACK IN THE SCHOOL AND ON THE ROAD. The last page indicates that Mr. Holt was a sound literary merchandiser; four reprints of popular titles (THE PRISONER OF ZENDA was one) at seventy-five cents each are headlined:

> *"Ay, four in buckram suits"—Shakespeare: Henry IV., II 4.*
>
> **Four dainty books. Narrow 16mo. Buckram. Gilt tops. With frontispiece.**

This background is perhaps necessary to explain Mr. Holt's caution, as well as enterprise, in drawing up a contract that year for a rather unusual historical romance—especially since the author was departing from his more reputable labors as a historian. The young man was the editor of THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, in ten volumes, and he was a noted authority on the period of the American Revolution. His novel was distinctly off the beaten track of the romantic fiction of the day. Mr. Holt might have used the old publishing cliche and called it "ahead of its time". He could have felt no certainty that the public would read it. Thus his agreement with the author was compounded in a spirit of gambling. It reads:

> *The author guarantees that the number of copies aforesaid (1000) shall be sold within three years of publication, and upon the signing of this agreement he shall deposit with the publishers Two Hundred Dollars on which they shall credit him with interest until the day of publication.*

It goes on to say that if 1000 copies are sold within three years, the author gets his deposit back. In addition, of course, to the royalties earned.

Neither the author nor the publisher lost. Five years later, after a healthy sale at the original $1.50 price, there was a fifty-cent reprint edition "limited to 100,000 copies". The book is still in print. Although it exhibits some of the romantic twists of plot and style fashionable in the 'nineties—the hero, a young lawyer, dreams over his lawbooks of a girl with slate-colored eyes with whom he is in love by page 40—the book has a strength, power, and conviction which transcended the commoner demands of reading fashion and make it vital today. By page 72, the hero is winning a case against impure milk being sold in city streets. We quote:

> *Peter had kept his clients informed as to his struggles, and they were tremendously proud of the big battle and ultimate success, as indeed were the residents of the whole district, who felt it was really their own case . . . The court was packed and the press had reporters in attendance. The only dramatic incident in the testimony was the putting of the two little Dooleys on the stand.*
>
> *"Did you find country milk different from what you have here?" Peter asked the younger.*
>
> *"Oh, yes," she said. "Here it comes from a cart, but in the country it squirts from a cow."*
>
> *"Order," said the judge to the gallery.*
>
> *"Does it taste differently?"*
>
> *"Yes. It's sweet, as if they put sugar in it. It's lovely! I like cow milk better than cart milk."*
>
> *"Damn those children!" said Dummer to the man next to him.*

Here is an author who, though he knew he was writing romance for an audience, was also writing one of our best novels of political life from a first-hand knowledge of the political conditions of his day. He didn't fake the names of his political parties. His hero was a Democrat, and it was obvious that Peter's career was based on Grover Cleveland's. Some of the incidents represented the scandalous stories which made the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 the most disgraceful in our history. The reviews of the book were mixed. Some critics damned it for not being a good story, some for its too staccato style, but William Morton Payne writing on Recent Fiction in the *Dial* of January 1895 says it will be recognized as the precursor of the Great American Novel.

Our novel is THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING by *Paul Leicester Ford*. It has sold over half a million copies, and sixty per cent of the New York Public Library branches still have one or more copies in active circulation. The year it was published THE PRISONER OF ZENDA was in its 26th edition. *H. G. Wells's* THE TIME MACHINE appeared, and so did a novel by *John Buchan* called SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS. The world was finding a new social conscience. The Labor Party was in its beginnings in England, the muckrakers were writing in America, and Holt's list included SLUM STORIES OF LONDON and TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK. But the story of the quiet and taciturn young lawyer who became the epitomization of a good political boss, who lost his love of the slate-colored eyes and married her daughter, won the hearts and minds of thousands of readers.

Last week we wrote out a slip for the manufacturing department which authorized the 76th printing of THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING. *434 pages, $2.00.*

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Modern Man Is Obsolete

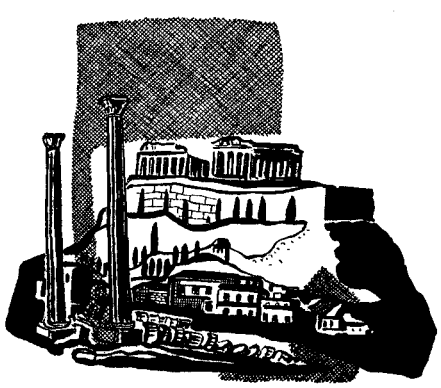
An Editorial

WHATEVER elation there is in the world today because of final victory in the war is severely tempered by fear. It is a primitive fear, the fear of the unknown, the fear of forces man can neither channel nor comprehend. This fear is not new; in its classical form it is the fear of irrational death. But overnight it has become intensified, magnified. It has burst out of the subconscious and into the conscious, filling the mind with primordial apprehensions. It is thus that man stumbles fitfully into a new age of atomic energy for which he is as ill equipped to accept its potential blessings as he is to counteract or control its present dangers.

Where man can find no answer, he will find fear. While the dust was still settling over Hiroshima, he was asking himself questions and finding no answers. The biggest question of these concerns the nature of man. Is war in the nature of man? If so, how much time has he left before he employs the means he has already devised for the ultimate in self-destruction—extinction? And now that the science of warfare has reached the point where it threatens the planet itself, is it possible that man is destined to return the earth to its aboriginal incandescent mass blazing at fifty million degrees? If not—that is, if war is not in the nature of man—then how is he to interpret his own experience, which tells him that in all of recorded history there have been only 300 years in the aggregate during which he has been free of war?

Closely following upon these are other questions, flowing out endlessly from his fears and without prospect of definitive answer. Even assuming that he could hold destructive science in check, what changes would the new age bring or demand in his everyday life? What changes would it bring or demand in his culture, his education, his philosophy, his religion, his relationships with other human beings?

In speculating upon these questions, it should not be necessary to prove that on August 6, 1945, a new age was born. When on that day a parachute containing a small object floated to earth over Japan, it marked the violent death of one stage in man's history and the beginning of another. Nor should it be necessary to prove the saturating effect of the new age, permeating every aspect of man's activities, from machines to morals, from physics to philosophy, from politics to poetry; in sum, it is an effect creating a blanket of obsolescence not only over the methods and the products of man but over man himself.



It is a curious phenomenon of nature that only two species practise the art of war—men and ants, both of which, ironically, maintain complex social organizations. This does not mean that only men and ants engage in the murder of their own kind. Many animals of the same species kill each other, but only men and ants have practised the science of organized destruction, employing their massed numbers in violent combat and relying on strategy and tactics to meet developing situations or to capitalize on the weaknesses in the strategy and tactics of the other side. The longest continuous war ever fought between men lasted thirty years. The longest ant war ever recorded lasted six-and-a-half weeks, or whatever the corresponding units would be in ant reckoning.

It is encouraging to note that while all entomologists are agreed that war is instinctive with ants, not all anthropologists and biologists are agreed that war is instinctive with men. The strict empiricists, of course, find everything in man's history to indicate that war is locked up with his nature. But a broader and more generous, certainly more philosophical, view is held by those scientists who claim that the evidence to date is incomplete and misleading, and that man *does* have within him the power of abolishing war. Prominent among these is Julian Huxley, who draws a sharp distinction between human nature and the *expression* of human nature. Thus war is not a reflection but an expression of his nature. Moreover, the expression may change, as the factors which lead to war may change. "In man, as in ants, war in any serious sense is bound up with the existence of accumulations of property to fight about. . . . As for human nature, it contains no specific war instinct, as does the nature of harvester ants. There is in man's makeup a general aggresive tendency, but this, like all other human urges, is not a specific and unvarying instinct; it can be molded into the most varied forms."

But even if this gives us a reassuring answer to the question—is war inevitable because of man's nature?—it still leaves unanswered the question concerning the causes leading up to war. The expression of man's nature will continue to be warlike if the same conditions are continued that have provoked warlike expressions in him in the past. And since man's survival on earth is now absolutely dependent on his ability to avoid a new war, he is faced with the so-far insoluble problem of eliminating those causes.

In the most primitive sense, war in man is an expression of his competitive impulses. Like everything else in nature, he has had to fight for existence; but the battle against other animals, once won, gave way in his evolution to battle against his own kind. Darwin called it the survival of the fittest, and its most overstretched interpretation is to be found in "Mein Kampf," with its naked glorification of brute force and the complete worship of might makes right. In the political and national sense, it has been the attempt of the "have-nots" to take from the "haves," or the attempt of the "haves" to add further to their lot at the expense of the "have-nots." Not always was property at stake; comparative advantages were measured in terms of power, and in terms of tribal or national superiority. The good luck of one nation became the hard luck of another. The good

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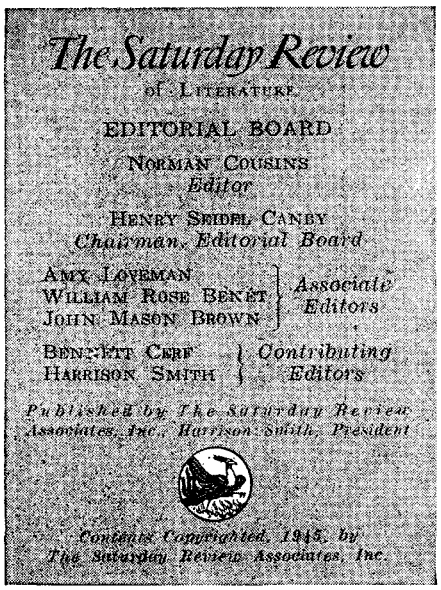

fortune of the Western powers in obtaining "concessions" in China at the turn of the century was the ill fortune of the Chinese. The power that Germany stripped from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France at the beginning of World War II she added to her own.

What does it matter, then, if war is not in the nature of man so long as man continues through the expression of his nature to be a viciously competitive animal? The effect is the same, and therefore the result must be as conclusive—war being the effect, and complete obliteration of the human species being the result.

IF this reasoning is correct, then modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary science and evolutionary anthropology, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science. Given time, man might be expected to bridge those gaps normally; but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. Communication, transportation, war no longer wait on time. Decision and execution in the modern world are becoming virtually synchronous. Thus, whatever bridges man has to build and cross he shall have to build and cross immediately.

This involves both biology and will. If he lacks the actual and potential biological equipment to build those bridges, then the birth certificate of the atomic age is in reality a *memento mori*. But even if he possesses the necessary biological equipment, he must still make the decision which says that he is to apply himself to the challenge. Capability without decision is inaction and inconsequence.

Man is left, then, with a crisis in decision. The main test before him involves his will to change rather than his ability to change. That he is capable of change is certain. For there is no more mutable or adaptable animal in the world. We have seen him migrate from one extreme clime to another. We have seen him step out of backward societies and join advanced groups. We have seen, within the space of a single generation, tribes of headhunters spurn their acephalous pastimes and rituals and become purveyors of the Western arts. This is not to imply that the change was necessarily for the better; only that change was possible. Changeability with the headhunters proceeded from external pressure and fear of punishment, true, and was only secondarily a matter of voluntary decision. But the stimulus was there; and mankind today need look no further for stimulus than its own desire to stay alive. The critical power of change, says Spengler, is directly linked to the survival drive. Once the instinct for survival is stimulated, the basic condition for change can be met.

That is why the quintessence of destruction as potentially represented by modern science must be dramatized and kept in the forefront of public opinion. The full dimensions of the peril must be seen and recognized. Then and only then will man realize that the first order of business is the question of continued existence. Then and only then will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival.

In making these decisions, there are two principal courses that are open to him. Both will keep him alive for an indefinite or at least a reasonably long period. These courses, however, are directly contradictory and represent polar extremes of approach.

The first course is the positive approach. It begins with a careful survey and appraisal of the obsolescences which constitute the afterbirth of the new age. The survey must begin with man himself. "The proper study of Mankind is Man," said Pope. No amount of tinkering with his institutions will be sufficient to insure his survival unless he can make the necessary adjustments in his own relationship to the world and to society.

THE first adjustment or mutation needed in the expression of his nature, to use Huxley's words, is his savagely competitive impulses. In the pre-Atomic Age, those impulses were natural and occasionally justifiable, though they often led to war. But the rise of materialistic man had reasons behind it and must be viewed against its natural setting. Lyell, Spencer, Darwin, Lamarck, Malthus, and others have concerned themselves with various aspects of this natural setting, but its dominant feature was an insufficiency of the goods and the needs of life. From Biblical history right up through the present, there was never time when starvation and economic suffering were not acute somewhere in the world.

This is only part of the story, of course, for it is dangerous to apply an economic interpretation indiscriminately to all history. Politics, religion, force for force's sake, jealousy, ambition, love of conquest, love of reform—all these and others have figured in the equations of history and war. But the economic factor was seldom if ever absent, even when it was not the prime mover. Populations frequently increased more rapidly than available land, goods, or wealth. Malthus believed that they increased so rapidly at times that war or plague became nature's safety valve. This interpretation has undergone some revision, but it is not the interpretation but the circumstances that raises the problem.

Yet all this has been—or can be—changed by the new age. Man now has it within his grasp to emancipate himself economically. If he wills it, he is in a position to refine his competitive impulse; he can take the step from competitive man to coöperative man. He has at last unlocked enough of the earth's secrets to provide for his needs on a world scale. The same atomic and electrical energy that can destroy a city can also usher in an age of economic sufficiency. It need no longer be a question as to which peoples shall prosper and which shall be deprived.

MAN is but a reed, the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. . . . All our dignity, then, consists of thought. By it we must elevate ourselves, and not by space and time which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor then to think well: this is the principle of morality. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me up like an atom; by thought I comprehend the world.

—Blaise Pascal, "The Philosophers" (1670).

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There is power enough and resources enough for all.

It is here that man's survey of himself needs the severest scrutiny, for he is his own greatest obstacle to the achievement of those attainable and necessary goals. While he is willing to mobilize all his scientific and intellectual energies for purposes of death, he is unwilling to undertake any comparable mobilization for purposes of life. He has shattered the atom and harnessed its fabulous power to a bomb, but he balks—or allows himself to be balked—when it comes to harnessing that power for human progress. Already, many representatives of industry have counseled words of synthetic caution, informing a puzzled public that we shall not see the practical application of atomic energy for general use in our lifetime. If it works out this way, it will not be because of any lack of knowledge or skill, but only because of the fear in certain quarters that atomic energy will mean a complete revamping of the economic structure, with the probability that it would be operated as a government utility or public service.

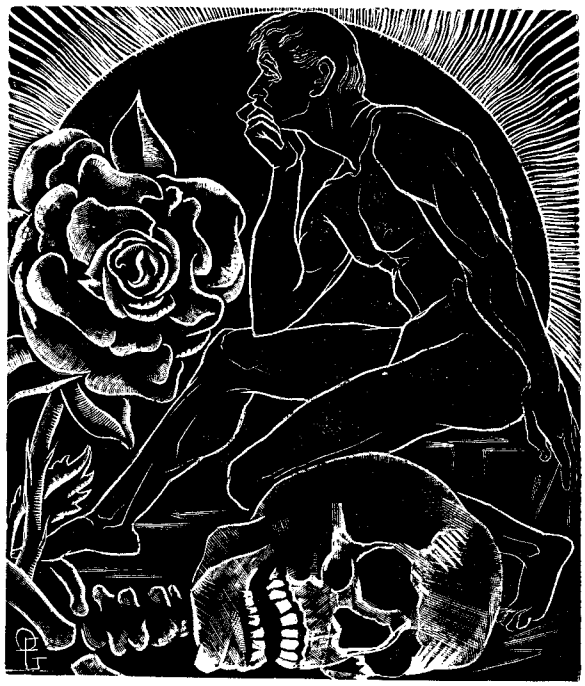
This is not a matter of urging a change away from the present economic structure just for the sake of change; it is recognition of a hard new fact of life that has made that economic structure obsolete in an Atomic Age just as it has made practically all our other institutions obsolete.

THE cry is certain to go up against further government experimentation with atomic energy for peacetime purposes, and industry will demand that government withdraw and give it the right to carry on its own experiments. These experiments, however, would most likely be no more consequential than the atomic bomb would have been if left to decentralized chance. Moreover, it takes enthusiasm to fertilize invention, and there is as yet little discernible enthusiasm for atomic energy in those quarters which are asking for the right to sponsor its peace-time uses. However understandable this lack of enthusiasm may be, it should not blind public opinion to the critical importance of having research for practical use carried on with the same urgency, the same fulness, the same scope and intensity as it has been for war ends thus far.

The size of the opportunity is exceeded only by the size of the promise. But even as man stands on the threshold of a new age, he is being pulled back by his coattails and told to look the other way, told that he must not allow his imagination to get out of hand—all this at a time when he should know almost instinctively that if he can put the same courage, daring, imagination, ingenuity, and skill that he demonstrated in winning the war into meeting the problems of the new age, he can win the peace as well.

He must believe, too, that mobilization of science and knowledge in peace should not be confined to cosmic forces, but must be extended to his other needs, principally health. What a fantastic irony that organized science knows the secret of the atom but as yet knows not a fig about the common cold! Who can tell what advances in medical knowledge might accrue to the welfare of mankind if as much mobilized effort were put into the study of man as there has been of matter! Cancer, heart disease, nephritis, leukemia, encephalitis, poliomyelitis, arteriosclerosis, aplastic anemia—all these are anomalies in the modern world; there is no reason why mobilized research should not be directed at their causes and cure. Nor is there any reason why even old age should not be regarded as a disease to be attacked by science in the same intensive fashion.

Surveying other adjustments he shall have to make if he chooses the positive course, man must consider himself in relation to his individual development. He can have the limitless opportunities that can come with time to think. The trend during the last fifty years towards shorter work weeks and shorter hours will not only be continued but sharply accelerated. Not more than half of each week will be spent earning a living. But a revolution is needed in his leisure-time activities—which so far have come to be associated almost entirely with the commodities of vended amusement. Once before, the world knew a Golden Age where the development of the individual—his mind and his body—was considered the first law of life. In Greece, it took the form of the revolution of awareness, the emancipation of the intellect from the limitations of corroding ignorance and prejudice.



—*Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

ONCE again, if man wills it, he can be in a position to restore that first law of life. But he shall have to effect a radical transformation in his approach to and philosophy of education, which must prepare him for the opportunities and responsibilities not only of his chosen work but for the business of living itself. The primary aim should be the development of a critical intelligence. The futile war now going on between specialization and general study must be stopped. There need no longer be any conflict between the two. The individual will need both—specialization for the requirements of research, general knowledge for the requirements of living. As for the problem of time in which to accomplish these dual objectives, formalized education until the twenty-fifth or thirtieth year is doubtless indicated; but it should not abruptly end there. Education, like the capacity of the mind itself, has no rigid boundaries. Unlimited exploration should be the first imperative of any educational program.

We have saved for last the most crucial aspect of this general survey

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TO see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves the mastery of heaven; minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal Nature!

—Oliver Goldsmith, "The Citizen of the World" (1762).

* * *

THE first and last of all life's complicated circumstances, the presiding fact, utterly astonishing, even stupefying, is that we are wholly in the dark about everything. Blank ignorance is our portion. In reasoning from the experience of nature and ourselves, we have all the evidence there is. We can add none. There remains, then, the reasoning itself, which is philosophy.

—W. Macneile Dixon, "The Human Situation" (1937).

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IF, before the discovery of cannon, one had described its effects in the following manner: "There is a new invention, by which walls and the greatest bulwarks can be shaken and overthrown from a considerable distance," it is improbable that any imagination or fancy would have hit upon a fiery blast expanding and developing itself so suddenly and violently, because none would have seen an instance at all resembling it, except perhaps in earthquakes or thunder, which they would have immediately rejected as the great operations of nature, not to be imitated by man.

The human mind is often so awkward and ill regulated in the career of invention, that it is at first diffident, and then despises itself. For it appears at first incredible that it should so long have escaped man's research. All which affords good reason for the hope that a vast mass of inventions yet remains, which may be deduced not only from the investigation of new modes of operation, but also from transferring, comparing, and applying those already known, by the method of what we have termed literate experience.

Let men only consider: if they would apply only a small portion of the infinite expenditure of talent, time, and fortune now given to matters and studies of far inferior importance and value, to sound and solid learning, it would be sufficient to overcome every difficulty.

—Francis Bacon, "Novum Organum" (1620).

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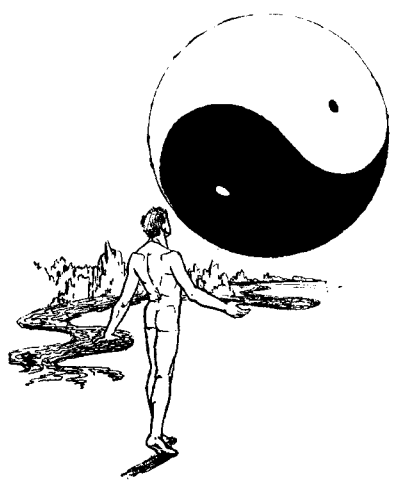
relating to the first course: the transformation or adjustment from national man to world man. Already he has become a world warrior; it is but one additional step—though a long one—for him to develop a world conscience. This is not vaporous idealism, but sheer driving necessity. It bears directly on the prospects of his own survival. He shall have to recognize the flat truth that the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty. Even back in the old-fashioned rocket age before August 6, 1945, strict national sovereignty was an anomalous and preposterous hold-over from the tribal instinct in nations. If it was anomalous then, it is the quintessence of anomaly now. The world is a geographic entity. This is not only the basic requisite for world government but the basic reason behind the need. A common ground of destiny is not too large a site for the founding of any community.

Reject all other arguments for *real* world government—reject the economic, the ideological, the sociological, the humanitarian arguments, valid though they may be. Consider only the towering problem of policing the atom—the problem of keeping the smallest particle of matter from destroying all matter. We are building on soapbubbles if we expect this problem to be automatically solved by having America, Britain, and Canada keep the secret to themselves. That is not only highly improbable, but would in itself stimulate the other nations to undertake whatever additional research might be necessary over their present experimentation to yield the desired results. In all history, there is not a single instance of a new weapon being kept exclusively by any power or powers; sooner or later either the basic principles become generally known or parallel devices are invented. Before long, the atomic bomb will follow the jet plane, the rocket bomb, radar, and the flame thrower into general circulation. We must not forget that we were not the only horse in the atomic derby; we just happened to finish first. The others will be along in due time.

Nor can we rely on destructive atomic energy to take care of itself. Already there is the tempting but dangerous notion to the effect that the atomic bomb is so horrible and the terror of retaliation so great that we may have seen the last of war. This is quasi-logical, but war is no respecter of logic, relative or absolute. And if history teaches us anything, it is that the possibility of war increases in direct proportion to the effectiveness of the instruments of war.

Far from banishing war, the atomic bomb will in itself constitute a cause of war. In the absence of world control as part of world government, it will create universal fear and suspicion. Each nation will live nervously from one moment to the next, not knowing whether the designs or ambitions of other nations might prompt them to attempt a lightning blow of obliteration. The ordinary, the inevitable differences among nations which might in themselves be susceptible of solution might now become the signals for direct action, lest the other nation get in the first and decisive blow. Since the science of warfare will no longer be dependent upon armies but will be waged by push-buttons, releasing radio-controlled rocket planes carrying cargoes of atomic explosives, the slightest suspicion may start all the push-buttons going.



There is the argument, of course, that each nation will realize this; that is, that the first button might lead to universal catastrophe as all the other nations rush to their switchboards of annihilation. Here, too, there is the unwarranted presupposition of reason. In an atmosphere of high tension and suspicion, reason is an easy victim. Moreover, there will always be the feeling that one nation can escape though all the others may go down. What a temptation for the blitzkriegers!

No; there is no comfort to be derived from the war-is-now-too-horrible theory. There is one way and only one to achieve effective control of destructive atomic energy and that is through centralized world government. Not loose, informal organization. Not even through an international pool, or through an international policing agreement. A police force is no better than its laws, and there can be no laws without government. Finally, the potency of the weapon must dictate the potency of its control.

There is no need to discuss the historical reasons pointing to and arguing for world government. There is no need to talk of the difficulties in the way of world government. There is need only to ask whether we can afford to do without it. All other considerations become either secondary or inconsequential.

IT would be comforting to know that the world had several generations in which it might be able to evolve naturally and progressively into a single governmental unit. In fact, even as late as August 5, 1945, it seemed that the Charter of the United Nations had made an adequate beginning in that direction, providing the machinery for revision which might lead within fifteen or twenty years to a real world structure. But the time factor has been shattered. We no longer have a leeway of fifteen or twenty years; whatever must be done must be done with an immediacy which is in keeping with the urgency. Once the basic peace settlements are arranged, the United Nations must convene again for an Atomic Age inventory, undertaking an overall examination of the

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revolutionary changes in the world since its conference in San Francisco in the long-ago spring of 1945.

If all this sounds like headlong argument, posing methods or solutions which seem above the reach of mortal man, the answer must be that mortal man's reach was long enough apparently to push science and invention ahead by at least five hundred years during five years of experimentation on atomic energy. His ability to do this not only indicates that he can extend or over-extend himself when pressed, but emphasizes the need to do the same with government.

IN meeting this need, man need not be frightened by the enormity of the differences which shall have to be accommodated within the world structure. We can agree with Macneile Dixon in "The Human Situation," that "Many are the races and many the temperaments. There are vehement and hot-headed men, selfless and conciliatory men. They display, varying as they do in appearance, talents, behavior, every type of unpredictable reaction to their surroundings. There are sybarites and ascetics, dreamers and bustling active men of affairs, clever and stupid, worldly and religious, mockers and mystics, pugnacious, loyal, cunning, treacherous, cheerful and melancholy men. There are eagles among them, tigers, doves, and serpents. 'He was a comedian on the stage,' said the wife of a celebrated funny man, 'but a tragedian in the home.'" All these differences are in addition to those of ideology, politics, and geography.

And yet, it is not in spite of these variations but because of them that man is now in need of a general amalgam. If those variations did not exist, if man's actions were uniform and uniformly predictable, then man would be as free of war as the vegetable kingdom. The differences point up the problem, not the problem the differences. The important question is not how great an obstacle the differences may be to the setting up of a closely knit world structure, but whether man will be in a better position to reconcile those differences within world government than without it.

Man must decide, moreover, what is more important—his differences or his similarities. If he chooses the former, he embarks on a path that will, paradoxically, destroy the differences and himself as well. If he chooses the latter, he shows a willingness to meet

the responsibilities that go with maturity and conscience. Though heterogeneity is the basic manifestation of nature, as Spencer observed, a still greater manifestation is the ability of nature to create larger areas of homogeneity which act as a sort of rim to the spokes of the human wheel.

True, in making the jump to world government, man is taking a big chance. Not only does he have to create the first world authority, but he shall have to make sure that this authority is wisely used. The world institution must be compatible with—indeed, must promote—free institutions. This challenge is not less important than the challenge to establish world government itself, for all through history there has been too great a contradiction between ideals and institutions and the forces which have taken over those ideals and institutions. Another way of saying this is that we have too often allowed the best ideas to fall into the hands of the worst men. There has not been a great ideal or idea which has not been perverted or exploited at one time or another by those who were looking for means to an end—the end being seldom compatible with the idea itself. The greatest idea ever to be taken up by the mind of man—Christianity—was for centuries violated and corrupted by its very administrators. Alexander's vision of a brotherhood of man fell victim to its own force—force based on might makes right. Mohammed dreamed of a universal religion based on the noblest of ethics, and taught that conversion by the sword was no conversion at all; yet his followers built an empire largely at the point of the sword. Passing from religion to politics, we have only to consider the immediate past. It was in the name of socialism and social progress that Fascism came to Italy and Nazism to Germany.

That is the double nature of the challenge: to bring about world government and to keep it pure. It is a large order, perhaps the largest order man has had to meet in his 50,000-odd years on earth, but he himself has set up the conditions which have made the order necessary.

ALL these are the various mutations and adjustments needed in the expression of man's nature, in his way of life, his thinking, his economics, his education, his conditioning and orientation, and his concept of government in an Atomic Age. But if he rejects this, the first course, there is yet another way, an alternative to world government. This is the second course. Preposterous as this second course may seem, we describe it in all seriousness, for it is possible that through it man may find a way to stay alive—which is the central problem under consideration in this paper.

The second course is relatively simple. It requires that man destroy, carefully and completely, everything relating to science and civilization. Let him destroy all machines and the knowledge which can build or operate those machines. Let him raze his cities, smash his laboratories, dismantle his factories, tear down his universities and schools, burn his libraries, rip apart his art. Let him murder his scientists, his doctors, his teachers, his lawmakers, his mechanics, his merchants, and anyone who has anything to do with the machinery of knowledge or progress. Let him punish literacy by death. Let him abolish nations and set up the tribe as sovereign. In short, let him revert to his condition in society in 10,000 B. C. Thus emancipated from science, from progress, from government, from knowledge, from thought, he can be reasonably certain of safeguarding his existence on this planet.

This is the alternative to world government—if modern man wishes an alternative.

N. C.

LET Earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Beings on Beings wrecked, and world on world . . .
So, wondrous creature, mount where Science guides;
Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun . . .

* * *

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

—Alexander Pope, "An Essay on Man" (1734).

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The Working of Free Society

THE FREE STATE. SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON ITS PRACTICAL VALUE. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1945. 130 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

IN his report on the Potsdam Conference President Truman pointed out that during the last years we have learned a new thing which we should never forget: "that a society of self-governing men is more powerful, more enduring, more creative than any other kind of society, however disciplined, however centralized." The democratic society of the West has shown its superiority over all the vaunted totalitarian systems and all the new fangled attempts to dress up dictatorship as a "true" democracy. A cynical and disenchanted post-war generation apparently needed another war to learn, to use Mr. Truman's words again, that the basic proposition of the dignity of the individual is not a piece of rhetoric but the strongest force in the world at present. Professor Brogan has written what may be considered the best dissertation on the President's thesis. It is a pleasure to read and to recommend his short book which is written with as much erudition as grace. In a book market flooded with journalistic exposes of "hard-boiled power politics" it is refreshing and gratifying to come upon a book which deals with the value of free society and the character and obligation of free men.

Mr. Brogan not only writes the defense of the free institutions of Western society and their efficiency; he explains also why Germany, though a part of Europe, has never been able to develop similar forms of life and individual initiative as England or America, France or the Low Countries. He draws upon a rare knowledge and understanding of English, American, and German history to make his points clear. His book seems primarily addressed to those intelligent Germans who wish to understand what led Germany twice to catastrophe and arrayed the Western world against her. It may be doubtful whether even these intelligent Germans will read the book with profit; Americans and Englishmen will, however, because it is their own world which the book will help them to know and appreciate better.

Since democracy rose in the English-speaking countries two hundred years ago, other societies have more and more tried to imitate it and its pursuit of happiness; but they could only parody it. They did not let men pursue happiness but tried to guarantee it, "beating up or killing the sceptics who have not been willing to admit that they were happy with the standard product issued from government store." For us "it is more important to let fools be foolish than, by putting down folly, to define wisdom too soon." Even in the field of warfare, freedom has shown its superiority over totalitarian organization and authoritarian direction. When everything seemed lost, England in the summer of 1940 resisted, without panic, without terror, with very little call on the coercive power of the state, the triumphant and overwhelming power of the Reich. On the other hand, Germans, Italians, and Japanese cracked up and gave in, in spite of all terror and totalitarianism, long before their defense power was really exhausted. All their talk of heroism until the very last proved rhetoric. But the strength of Western free society is often concealed from its adversaries through its own devotion to self-criticism and its passion for general justice. Thus non-democratic peoples are easily misled by the democrats themselves in underrating the intrinsic strength of individual liberty.

Mr. Brogan has some brilliant pages on party politics and on politicians, pages which should be required reading for democrats. Free government is not a mere matter of constitution or of edicts backed by majorities, it is a day-to-day habit, a continuous political training in mutual respect and collaboration, in maximizing consent and minimizing coercion. "A free society is one that accepts risks of diversity, partly on pragmatic grounds, partly because of a kind of mystical respect for the unpredictable character of human action and the unpredictable problems posed by this very imperfectly mastered world. It welcomes diversity even at the certainty of friction and when unanimity comes thinks it all the more valuable for having come a long way round, up and not down."

Brogan's book may do a great deal of good to Englishmen and Americans. Yet it might be worthwhile trying to translate the book into German, Russian, and other languages as a presentation, for men of good will, of the working of free society and the potentialities of free men.

Nostalgic Picture of a City Summertime

HUNKY JOHNNY. By Edward J. Nichols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT is not easy to know whether this sensitive story of young Johnny Opalko, in the Chicago of 1930 prohibition and deepening depression, is the drama of the emotionally uncertain first-generation American or merely the old sad story of being young in an old mixed-up world. There is undoubtedly a little of both in Mr. Nichols's beautiful Hunky Johnny, torn between new education and his natural relationships among the Slovaks in Gary, and torn, also, with a "white" girl involved, between Slovak self-consciousness and Slovak pride. The important thing is that in the world of such uncertainties Mr. Nichols has written a live, moving book about being young in Chicago in a hot, gone, Chicago summertime.

Obviously, Mr. Nichols knows the Slovaks of the suburban steel city, the pattern of the syndicate which organized the bootleg world, and the tight world of the University of Chicago as well. Fortunately, however, he is no sociologist, not even one so human as his Professor Hacker who offered Johnny a fellowship. His concern is with people in the foreign and yet almost wholly American community of the foreign born. They come alive as children, as gnarled old men, as huge breasted, puffing, old women, as lovely girls and as athletes, steel-workers, bootleg salesmen, and collectors. They are vivid and alive and his writing of life among them moves with the speed and ease of the gaudy Cadillac of Johnny's brother Mike, the syndicate collector.

Strangely, perhaps, the Slovaks in this book are the people who are real. Such "white" people as Johnny's beloved Jean and her friends, the Psi U's, seem the stereotypes. Perhaps they should be that as they represent not only the settled and the accepted, the people to be admired and emulated, but almost the symbols of other people's uncertainty in a nation which has made a lot of nonsense about a melting pot. Mr. Nichols has no sermon to preach about it. Indeed, his book is always an authentic and dramatic picture and never a preachment. Johnny's torn emotions are a part of his picture like his unruly hair, like Korba's "Sportland," like the Gay Mill, the athletic clubs, the gangsters, and the grim flat full of family argument.

As such a picture of the so-recent past, Mr. Nichols has written an honest, warm-hearted book. It seems less like the portrait of a summer of a big, fumbling boy caught in love and uncertainty than a nostalgic picture of a city summertime which once belonged to us all.

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Re-discovering the Pilgrims

SAINTS AND STRANGERS. Being the Lives of the Pilgrim Fathers and Their Families, with Their Friends and Foes. By George F. Willison. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 513 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

EVERY few years it becomes necessary, for certain simple reasons, to rediscover the Pilgrims. The main reason is that a huge Pilgrim-Puritan legend, compounded of literary concepts originated by Longfellow, Pierpont, Hawthorne, and others, of crude images long ago planted in textbooks, and of Menckenesque distortions built upon the popular antipathy to the *unco guid,* tends constantly to corrode and destroy historical truth. A book which tells the simple truth about the Pilgrims, say Mr. Usher's of twenty years ago, comes out. The lay public seizes with astonishment upon the facts that the Pilgrims were plain farmers, rustics, or workingmen; that, with scarce an exception they counted nobody of marked social position; that far from being puritanical with a small p, they dressed gaily, drank liquors with gusto, enjoyed the table, and approached life with exuberant adventuresomeness; that when they landed in the American wilderness (under circumstances quite different from those mentioned by Mrs. Hemans), few had ever fired a gun; that instead of believing in broad religious freedom they enforced the very opposite doctrine; and that they were not at all unworldly, but had the canniest eye for trade and money. That is, the lay public rediscovers some elementary facts about the Pilgrims. Then the Legend, the Myth, again begins its work. It sifts its sands over the jutting capes of truth. Within a few years it is completely triumphant. The time is ripe for another book, and a grand new rediscovery of the godly but practical folk over whom Governor Bradford presided.

This process has been going on now for a hundred years and more. It has been going on ever since the Rev. Alexander Young collected in 1841 "The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers," with notes still valuable, and in 1856 Bradford's long-lost manuscript history of Plymouth Plantation was first published—these two books giving the world the first important sources; ever since William H. Bartlett brought out his book on the Pilgrims in 1853, and five years later Palfrey issued the first volume of his dry, filiopietiestic, but really scholarly history of New England. The best introduction to the history of the Pilgrims remains Bradford's immortal book. It is a fascinating personal chronicle by the man who knew most about the subject, a work worthy of its place as the cornerstone of American literature. There is no lack of good editions of this great chronicle, in print or out of print; and there is no excuse for ignorance of it by any literate American, for it is not quaint, heavy, or dull—it is direct, simple, and of almost unflagging interest. It is probably the best first-hand narrative of colonization in any language, and certainly the best in ours. For a modern treatment, James Truslow Adams's first volume of his history of New England, or Dr. Usher's book (though Usher rides a special theory very hard), or this present work, are all excellent. What is important is to understand that the poems of Longfellow and Lowell on Miles Standish deviate from history, and that most of the New England Society orations are neat packets of smug mendacity.

Mr. Willison has essayed the commendable task of combining accurate scholarship, critical and unconventional in tone, with a lively and picturesque presentation; the task, in short, of furnishing a good popular history of Plymouth Colony from its English origins to the end of its separate existence in 1691. He has unquestionably succeeded. Making no pretence to original discoveries, of note, he has efficiently used the mass of material accumulated by earlier investigators. At times he seems a little too intent on being unconventional. The proportions of the narrative, particularly in the great space given to Indian relations, may be open to question. But it is a sound book, and it is pleasant to record that its unconventionalities involve no denigration whatever of the hard-striving men and women of Plymouth. While Mr. Willison does not glorify their achievements any more than they themselves did (the Pilgrims were never one-tenth as smug about their own feats as were their neighbors to the northward in Boston), he has a high idea of their qualities. They were innovators, and revolutionaries (not mere noncomformists, but separatists) with the courage of their convictions. They were realists, who gave their main thought not to the next world but to putting their immediate environment into better shape. They had a canny eye to the shillings and pence from their home acres and their Kennebec trading station. Their qualities were never histrionic. "Rather," says Mr. Willison, "they had the supreme human qualities—an intelligent awareness of the things about them, a sensitive desire to do something to bring them closer to their heart's desire, and an absolutely indomitable spirit in pursuing their own high purposes."

Told with spirit and realism, as Mr. Willison tells it, the story of the "saincts" of New Plymouth has color, adventure, and drama on every page. This motley body of colonizers—members of the Pilgrim congregation, adventurers sent along by the London merchants, hired aides like John Alden, and indentured servants—had a variety of tastes, ambitions, and convictions, and were individualists to the core; ready to express their views and fight for their aims. They came not as repressed and bloodless anchorites, but "trailing the glory of Elizabethan England, that age of towering imagination and high, bold enterprise." They knew in advance that they would meet

—From "Art in Federal Buildings."

Captain Alezur Holyoke's Exploring Party on the Connecticut River.

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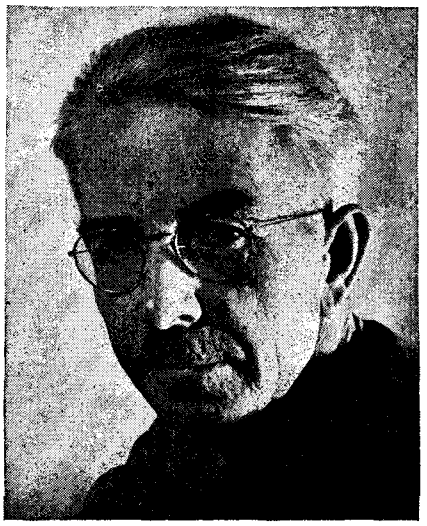
hardship and danger; they had heard all about the cruel, treacherous savages, and they attributed to the Massachusetts woods far more fearsome animals than ever dwelt there. But they had screwed their courage to a very high sticking point, and it stuck even when cold proved worse than Indians, and hunger and disease more terrible than lions and tigers. When Captain Jones took the *Mayflower* back to England on May 5, 1621, not one of the surviving saints, strangers, and servants insisted on going with her. Before long, Governor Carver, toiling with his hoe in the hot cornfield, was fatally stricken by the sun. When Bradford became Governor at the age of thirty-two, the younger generation—Bradford mild but firm, Allerton shrewd in trading, Standish peppery and valiant in fighting, Edward Winslow suave in diplomacy—took control. A prosperous harvest that summer of 1621, and the arrival of a new company in the fall by the ship *Fortune,* placed the colony squarely on its sturdy legs.

Mr. Willison has a shrewd eye for the principal personalities of his story, and the ability to penetrate below the surface in estimating forces and motives. He retells often the most familiar stories with freshness and gusto. The Lyford affair, for example, is delightfully recounted. Lyford was a minister that the London merchants sent over, a Magdalen man who came out with wife and five children, made at first a good impression, and then, gathering all the malcontents at his heels, sending false reports home to London, and otherwise misconducting himself, set the colony in an uproar. He was quickly sent packing, and the "saincts" returned to good Elder Brewster's preaching. The troubles of the Plymouth folk with Thomas Weston, whose colony at Weymouth, twenty miles distant, was so mismanaged as to become a source of real danger, are likewise graphically recounted. Of course Morton's "habitation of the wicked" at Merrymount, an unruly nest of fellows who went in for drunkenness, riot, and other evils," and worst of all, whose traffic in weapons with the Indians "spoiled the trade in all other things," is not neglected. While the saints got the better of Morton, and Bradford was able to boast that the fellow finally landed in Exeter Gaol in England, Mr. Willison thinks that a great deal can be said on Morton's side. In this he is unquestionably right. The familiar story of Massasoit and Squanto is retold with new touches, and with a shrewd appraisal of the worth of that famous Indian treaty which, concluded in one hour, lasted for fifty-four years.

In a final chapter, Mr. Willison describes the apotheosis of the Pilgrims, making it clear that he thinks this has been a great misfortune. The chapter is not altogether satisfactory. As a matter of fact, two great impulses in the treatment of the Pilgrims can be traced in parallel evolution. One was the patient exploration of the sources to ascertain the *truth* about them. This began with Thomas Hutchinson, the eminent Tory historian, and was pushed forward in the post-Revolutionary generation by Dr. James Thacher, with his history of the town of Plymouth published in 1832. The Massachusetts legislature took a hand in this laudable work by issuing in 1836 a well-edited collection of the laws of Plymouth. Then a growing crowd of scholars began delving in the field. Meanwhile, the rhetorical misrepresentation of the Pilgrims by hyper-laudatory orators and clerics had begun. John Quincy Adams perhaps commenced the work with a none too well considered oration in 1802, and Daniel Webster certainly pushed it forward with another in 1820. Edward Everett and Robert C. Winthrop later furnished their aid. Writers who invented some of their facts instead of looking them up stepped in to sing of "holy ground," or to weave romantic stories, while the Old Colony Club, followed by the Pilgrim Society, did its worst. Mr. Willison is chiefly interested in this systematic misrepresentation of the Pilgrims, and says comparatively little of the patient scholars. By the time that Bradford's great book was put into print, the Legend was almost insuperably strong.



George F. Willison "thinks the apotheosis of the Pilgrims has been a great misfortune."

As a contribution to a popular understanding of the Pilgrims of reality, this book deserves a welcome. It has had its predecessors; it will have its successors. If it is as widely read as it deserves to be, it will weaken the grip of the Pilgrim-Puritan myth for half a dozen years. A similar book on the Puritans would not be an unworthy enterprise for Mr. Willison to consider.

Truth Is a Fawn

By Eva Byron

TRUTH is a fawn in a dark green forest.
At the slightest sound,
Fearful of the hunters, he is gone in a bound,
Crashing through the undergrowth.
And yet, you and I have taken an oath
To befriend him.

Even in our earliest venture we thrust our way through the tangled vines
And come on him unaware.
We saw him standing with his beautiful head in the air,
One foreleg poised for flight.
Since then we have seen him take fright
Many times.

And yet with each encounter he was willing to remain
Longer than the last—
Permitting us to gain
A little ground, before he turned and fled.
Today we are close enough to touch his velvet head.
We must be careful, we must not startle him now,

Just as uncertainty ends.
Somehow,
We must let him know we will always come as friends.

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Indian-European Combination

MY INDIAN FAMILY. By Hilda Wernher. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

THIS was to be expected, said the all-wise reviewer, picking up the book and riffling through the pages of the first chapter. This sort of thing, she said easily, is in the wind. No doubt we will have more and more books about interracial marriage. Though I must admit that in my experience it's more often a book about a Chinese-European combination than an Indian-European. But this'll be the same thing. Sooner or later somebody in the book will quote East is East and West is West and Never the Twain, etc. . . . Ho, hum, said the all-wise reviewer.

I probably started out reading "My Indian Family" with almost as unpleasant an attitude as that. I don't know quite why. I wasn't justified by experience: there haven't really been many books about interracial marriages. Undeniably, of course, there has been a lot of talk about it to which I in my time have contributed plenty. So why should I yell "Black, black," at this particular kettle?

Of course it's been awfully hot these last weeks. Then too the simple fact that the dust-cover called it "A Story of East and West within a Muslim home" set my teeth on edge a bit. The style, too, irritated me. To be perfectly frank, it still does, when I stop to notice it. Mrs. Wernher's manner of writing is not mine, and I don't envy it. However— I am now a fervent admirer of Mrs. Wernher's. I still can't go all the way for her literary style. When she is talking direct to the reader, telling a story or merely saying how she feels about Christmas or loneliness or this and that, I can admire her without effort. She can't write conversation, though. The minute she quotes anyone, be it her much-beloved daughter or her son-in-law or the servants or herself, the lines are painfully stilted.

You must understand that this doesn't matter, ultimately, a whit. This is a rare book and it tells a strange, poignant story. To begin with, it's the story of a rare woman, but that is not all. Never mind that dust-cover. It will tell you that "My Indian Family" is fiction based on fact and actual experience, which is nonsense. There is nothing, nothing at all fictional about "My Indian Family." The truth is so evident that it is not hidden in the slightest degree. Nothing could hide it, or obscure the tale. To do her justice, Mrs. Wernher of all people did not attempt to hide anything. A few names may have been substituted, a detail or two has been sacrificed to convenience, perhaps. This is nothing.

A white girl of European parentage, evidently Austrian and perhaps British, has just married a young Indian of the Muslim faith when the story opens. (It is written in diary form, by the girl's mother.) Mary Ann at twenty-three has visited India twice and is fascinated by the country. To an unusual degree in a girl her age she has studied the ethnology of India, especially comparative religions. Mary Ann's mother hushes her natural misgivings at her daughter's choice of a husband by telling herself how peculiarly fitted the girl is for the unusual situation which greets the two women. Two women it is because Rashid has insisted upon taking Mary Ann's mother, too, into the bride's new world.

> 'Mary Ann would be too lonely without you, Mother . . . Life in India is not easy.'
>
> 'But we love India!' Mary Ann's tone and expression left no doubt. . . . 'Now we shall know the real India . . . and that's what I've always wanted.'
>
> She is ever watchful to dispel his apprehensions and misgivings concerning our future life. My darling girl! Though her marriage is not what I have wished for—far-reaching differences of religion, country and background prove a great handicap to happiness in the majority of "mixed" marriages—I try to live up to her courage and good will.

The dust-cover will tell you the plot, so I may as well, too. After only a few months in a small village where Rashid is head of a scientific Government laboratory, Mary Ann's mother as well as Mary Ann has found her innocent idealism much taxed by experience. The two women are faced every day, every hour, every moment with the necessity of walking gently for fear of offending their new friends. There are a dozen problems to grapple with—caste and its complications in daily life, housekeeping Indian fashion, and above all, inferiority complex. They run into that everywhere, most disconcertingly in Rashid himself. It is Rashid whose portrait is most vivid.

He is painfully sensitive, volatile, open and affectionate, yet sometimes a baffling mystery to his wife and her mother. Sometimes just when they have congratulated themselves on having achieved a happy normality with their surroundings, Rashid throws a spanner into the works by getting his feelings hurt, or suddenly growing suspicious of his darling's love and admiration. The early days of Mary Ann's married life were clouded because Mother did not kiss her son-in-law goodnight as she kissed her daughter. Mother didn't love him, stormed Rashid, and what was worse, she showed the world that she didn't love him. He complained bitterly to Mary Ann until she overcame the reserve with which she had grown up in her Western world, and spoke to her mother about it.

> It is time to go to bed. I kiss Mary Ann, who pulls my sleeve quite unnecessarily. I haven't forgotten.
>
> Rashid holds out his hand as usual. When I kiss him he stands quite motionless for a moment; then he puts both arms around me and holds me close. "Now I have a mother," he says under his breath.
>
> I feel ashamed for not having had the sense to kiss him before.

The entire situation would have been impossible, perhaps, if any other two women had attempted to cope with it. But Mother and her Mary Ann are unusual in many ways other than those so often pointed out—perhaps too often—by their Indian friends. Not only are both women free of any poisonously vulgar race prejudice, not only are they sympathetic toward Indian beliefs and religions, but they are held together by a rare bond of love and understanding. When life grows a little heavy for Mary Ann to support, she can talk things over with Mother. When Mother, a woman who is after all only in early middle age, misses the busy, eventful, productive life which was hers in Europe, she forgets her homesickness watching her darling climb from triumph to triumph over vexatious little difficulties. Some of these difficulties are more than that. Rashid has unpleasant relatives. There are money troubles too. There is one great big quarrel over what seems to Mary Ann and to Mother a pitifully small reason. But never mind; these are small matters. Mary Ann is pregnant and everybody is happy.

Then there is an accident, and Mary Ann dies of concussion. Mother is left alone. All alone in India, with her Indian son-in-law her only mainstay. She loves Rashid, but he is alien just now in her time of anguish. Alone in spirit, Mother must lay out her child, must partake of the strange mourning festival, must live through night-

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mare hours. Through the difficult medium of the diary form one feels the vivid pain of that long march behind the coffin, all the weary steps, all the cruel miles. At least one reader will not forget in a hurry that dull feeling of a heavy stone in the breast that means heartbreak. Somehow the real thing is evoked in that funeral march, step after step, page after page, through the milling crowds of sympathetic villagers. It is now that one begins to feel the true strength of the book, or perhaps I mean of Mother's spirit.

Rashid and Mother, drawn together by their grief, find that race at last is transcended. After this period the fretting question of color seems to grow less obtrusive. It is another matter which now fills their lives, a friction which grows, as the others grew, out of a difference of background and philosophy but which could be called a question of human values rather than of race. Rashid the Muslim, robbed of his bride, resentfully demands that Fate give him second best, at any rate. He will marry somebody, anybody and beget children. It is his dear Mother's task, thinks the Indian Rashid, to select this new bride. In India, one leaves all such matters to one's parents, and save for Mother, Rashid has no parents.

Mother is so horrified that she cannot discuss the matter for a long time. Her darling Mary Ann has been dead only a week! Communing with herself, she manages at last to see not Rashid's point of view, but at least the reason for Rashid's different attitude. However, she cannot become quite so adaptable all at once. Rashid, she argues, is planning to make some Indian girl a victim of his misery. She, Mary Ann's Mother, will not be party to such a crime. Mary Ann had planned to help India's women out of purdah; shall she, Mother, then contribute to some unnamed girl's humiliation by arranging to make her live as a mere breeding animal? No, Rashid must wait a decent time until he can judge a bride for himself. And Rashid, uncomprehending but always affectionate and obedient, waits.

It is tempting to go on and tell Mother's story in advance, but that would not be fair, nor adequate. The story holds you, but the book is much more than the story. Mother's own person slowly becomes the best part of the entire picture. Before we say goodbye to her we learn enough to be ashamed of our cheap early criticism. This is a natural rhythm of life which transcends every weakness of narrative, and her true story has that rhythm. More than that, the trimmings, the little facts, the difficulties of adjustment between European and Oriental temperament, the enormous weight of small annoyances, these add up somehow to a presentation of the East which is of immense value.

All of us, the Orient as well as the Western world, will learn to be very grateful that Mother decided to put her story down on paper. Certain books, though they look ordinary enough, making no more noise than any item on the season's publishing list, are genuine documents worthy of the name. "My Indian Family" is such a book. It is a punctuation in ethnological history. It marks an end. More important, it marks a beginning.

Opera for the American Indian

MESA VERDE. A Verse Play. By Christopher La Farge. New York: New Directions. 1945. 111 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME time ago Christopher La Farge, poet and story-writer, became interested in the suggestion of the Metropolitan Opera Company that he study the demands and limitations of the modern libretto, with the idea of his writing the book for a new American opera. Being the son of Grant La Farge, architect and artist (whose profession for awhile he followed and whose full name he bears), and the brother of Oliver La Farge, ethnologist, anthropologist, director of Indian affairs, and writer on the Indian, it is natural that his own thoughts also should turn toward the American Indian, as a subject for opera, as well as for art and fiction. Familiar with the legends of the Navajo and the myths of the Zuñis and Hopis, he had for some time been deeply impressed by the story of the cliff-dwellers of Mesa Verde, in Colorado, a people who vanished from their pre-Pueblo cliff-villages at the close of the thirteenth century—in a manner that is still a mystery—long before the caravels of Columbus came to America. In their mysterious and tragic story he was assured of a deeply-rooted American theme; and here he has reconstructed the circumstances of that community life and death, with full attention to human values, and with the aid of whatever the present life of the Indians of the Southwest could tell him.

But Christopher La Farge has also created a vivid dramatic and tragic story, adapted to a setting of great

music, with its gorgeous prologue and epilogue of the Brother Gods presiding over the fortunes of the straying tribes. If the Indian names in the first instance seem a bit formidable, the consultation of the excellent Pronunciation Guide, at the end of the book, will quickly make them easy to say, and they hold their own music. The love story of Uténi and Asthón Hatáli, subject to the severe decrees of tribal custom, is beautifully elucidated. The progress of the tale, from the first "faint white glow of the ending of night" in "the shell-like cave of the Tsenahapilni," to the thunder and lightning of the end, when the enemy raiders loose their arrows on the fated pair, is incisive and absorbing. The language of the poem has fire as well as restraint, passion as well as dignity. The speech is convincing as is the ritualistic living, the superstitious fear, the conflict between youth, even then seeking for freedom, and age seeking to bind it.

Mr. La Farge has done distinguished work before this. He was at once mature novelist, lyric poet, and remarkable portrait-painter in his verse-novel, "Each to the Other," one of the finest poetic works of our time. Here he has made another medium entirely his own, that of the verse-play. It is not "poetic drama" in the old sense. It demands music to complete it; but all that words can say is here, and his explanations of the scene, and his directions as to the action, are explicit.

There was nobility in this primitive life, at war with the elements and the invader. There was strength to these people, strength and the sweetness of antique ceremony. The verse moves with their natural grace and dignity. The invocation and the dance fall naturally into place. Great opportunity is here for an effective presentation, which some day I hope to see. As drama to read—which I shall not spoil for you by telling the story—this is a book of firm structure and moving humanity. In primitive beginnings we seem to watch the tribulations of much such a world as confronts us now, in the supposedly enlightened twentieth century!

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Happy, Cheerful Revolution

THREE MEN IN NEW SUITS. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 217 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

J. B. PRIESTLEY is so skilful a novelist and so shrewd an observer of the common people of Great Britain that his characters are as familiar to an American as if they were old neighbors. His latest book, "Three Men in New Suits," is half novel, half socialist Sunday School tract, but it is vital and warm-hearted nevertheless.

The young men in the ill-fitting suits are three soldier companions, newly returned to the village where they had spent their early lives. Mr. Priestley has selected his young men carefully. One is the intelligent son of a wealthy county family with an estate and a conventional old country house. He is Alan, who has remained a sergeant because he wanted to be one of the boys; Herbert is of yeoman blood and will inherit a prosperous farm; Eddie can go back to work in a nearby quarry if he wants to; he is a rough diamond of a lad with huge shoulders and a temper. Here, then, are the three ancient classes of England, aristocrat, farmer, and laborer, neatly catalogued and given the appropriate virtues and weaknesses of their kind. Herbert falls promptly in love with a girl whose London family and home have been lost in the blitz and who has been working in a country war factory and coming to the village Saturday nights to drink and talk at the local pub. Through her Mr. Priestley injects the city dweller and factory worker. The ambitious plutocrat he finds in the crude shape of a millionaire newspaper owner who drives up week-ends from London to his enormous estate with secretaries and the right kind of guests. Like an old morality play, Priestley might have named them rich man, farmer, gentleman, laborer, etc.

J. B. Priestley "is deadly serious as if he had already heard the first echoes of the atomic bomb."

All three of the returned soldiers experience the same disappointment with home, the same sense of being a split personality. The war was too big to be brought into the room, Herbert thinks when he is trying to talk, during the opulent family dinner, to the "rich harvest of pink and white girlhood" his family had picked out as the girl he ought to marry. Eddie's wife had run away by the time he reached his poor cottage on the village street. The "Yanks" had been quartered in the village, and the most idle and bored of the women had not been able to resist their company, their whiskey, and their money. The Yanks had, as a matter of fact, debauched a good part of the younger female population, "a quid for the whites an' two quid for the blacks."

Mr. Priestley is somewhat less successful with his landed aristocrats to whom Alan returns than with his farmers and laborers. They seem to have less reality. Alan finds his sister Diana grown brittle and chalky and complaining. His entertaining old Uncle is slightly balmy and the house he was born in is like a useless museum. He takes it for granted that the entire society he represents is falling to pieces. "There isn't anything more for them to do as a special class," he says to his friends, "but they can't—or won't—come into the main road with the crowd and go somewhere. So they stay where they are and quietly, decently, go mad." As for the plutocrats, they know what they are doing up to a certain point. They have power and will hold it until they have been given a damned good fright. Mr. Priestley does not say what will happen to the ambitious and ruthless rich man after he has had his fright, or what means will be taken to keep him out of power in the future.

This is a kind of revolution that Mr. Priestley is discussing in his novelized tract, but a very polite revolution. We gather that the tycoon will not be liquidated, but will be gently taught to behave himself. The aristocracy will simply vanish without making a fuss about it. The common man, and Alan is speaking for them throughout the book, will learn how to use the power of working together for "the largest possible common human denominator." What the three soldiers returned to England could not stand was the selfishness of the people who had stayed at home, "the old stupid grabbing and screaming, like a lot of half-starved dogs round a lump of horse meat." For a while, Mr. Priestley infers, civilians were frightened into good behavior, but now with the war won they were up to their old tricks.

As a document to preface the recent election, "Three Men in New Suits" would have been perfect. As a novel, it seems too smooth, too cheerfully and heartily optimistic, as well as too labored, to be rated with his earlier work. But Mr. Priestley is a heartily optimistic writer, and he has been using his great powers for propaganda for some time. Perhaps when he will not need to preach to us any longer, he will give us another "Good Companions," or an "Angel Pavement." Somehow heartiness and robust cheerfulness seem not quite the right note in these days, as if this picture of three "chaps" slapping each other on the back, confiding in each other so intimately and making eloquent speeches about getting rid of selfishness and greed forever, were appearing in a sentimental class-B movie. But behind it Mr. Priestley is deadly serious, as if he had already heard the first echoes of the atomic bomb, for at the end he says, "Either the earth must soon be the miserable grave of our species, or it must be our last hour, where men can live in peace and can work for other men's happiness."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 594)

HUMBERT WOLFE:

CURSORY RHYMES (THE ZOO)

I scarcely think
I like the Zoo
As much as other
People do.

. . . . . .
. . . . The hippopotamus
Says, "Who in blazes
Made us thus?"

And I observe the
Chimpanzee
Thanking his God
He's not like me.

While all varieties
Of cat
Make me feel dumpy,
Coarse and fat.

Girl

By Laura Lourene LeGear

NAKED, she combs her dewy hair
Beside a spotted fawn,
Proudly before the forest pool,
Young as an iris at dawn;

Freshened, she hears the heels of day;
Her hands of winged white flame
Flutter like moths on budding breasts
As though their bloom were shame.

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They Happened to Be Mormons

CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT. By Richard Scowcroft. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

WITH Mr. Scowcroft's novel something different and long overdue has come into Mormon fiction. There has been a great deal of writing about the Mormons of late, but the majority of the novelists have yielded to the almost irresistible impulse to write an epic of the pioneer years.

"Children of the Covenant" breaks so completely with this developing "romantic" tradition as to be somewhat misrepresented in being called a "Mormon novel" at all. It is, more properly, a mature and absorbing novel about some people who happen to be Mormons. Although the Mormon culture and pioneer energies are central forces in their lives, it is as individuals that we are concerned with them. The milieu could as well be Methodist and the locale Kansas, for this novel is an interpretation of the Mormons in terms of what is universal, rather than merely peculiar, in their lives.

Square-jawed daughter of one of Brigham Young's square-jawed empire builders, Esther Burton had married Harry Curtis in 1895 because he was available, because there might be no one else, and because she knew that "if one's husband couldn't build cities and railroads, one could bring up one's children so that they could." But the eldest boy, Hank, had taken up with cigarettes and girls and gone off to the Coast and unforgivably become successful. The lovely Irene had wilfully married a Gentile, Julian, and died after the birth of the plain little Caroline.

Only Burton, coming home from his mission to England, remains a justification for Esther's life. Burton feels, as he is expected to feel, that the two years given to the Church were the happiest of his life, that he values the mission more than a college education. But the mission has not given him any basis for adjustment to adult life, and as he flounders around, finally drowning in marriage, he makes progressive wreckage of Esther's contracting life, a ruin set in its ultimate clear perspective by the patient and even kindly Julian, in whom the little girl, Caroline, at last discovers her father.

To summarize Mr. Scowcroft's story in anything less than its own length is unsatisfying, for it is a searching novel of character, often sensitively imagined, exact and thoughtful in its observation, opening unhurriedly into the deep recesses of the family's life. In tone it ranges from an almost ascetic detachment to a tenderness that is close to tears. The writing is lucid and relaxed, with a vein of irony that underlies the narrative to crop out occasionally as a broader humor. Sometimes the portraiture is uneven in that the irony is not altogether consistent in its application. Burton, especially,

often seems the butt of this irony beyond the immediate incongruity of situation, and one sometimes feels that Burton is too ruthlessly whittled down from his proper dimensions. But these things in no way burden the total effect of the novel. One will be able to ponder Mr. Scowcroft's people and come back to them for a more intimate understanding of them. That is achievement of a high order.

Mr. Scowcroft has avoided any such error as attempting to portray "a typical Mormon family." His people have something in common with every Mormon family, and one has constant recognitions, but Mr. Scowcroft is concerned not with types but with human beings, and it is a tribute to his insight and depth that he could now write a novel about a family next door without in any degree exhausting our interest.

Yet, though it is no thesis novel, the book is significant as reportage. No one has stated so clearly or so forcibly the dilemma of Mormonism as the pioneer energies run down. The will to achieve is still passionately alive, but history has caught up with the Mormons and there is no place to go, no place for the Church to turn except in upon itself. As Julian says at last, one does not object to Mormonism, necessarily; one may even acquire an admiration for it. But one can object to "some of the zealous old brethren who have nothing to be zealous about. You can't be an evangelist if you've lost your message. The Mormons need a new message, a new cause."

The novel has a further importance as social history. Mr. Scowcroft depicts his native Ogden graphically, and that Ogden of twenty years ago provides a useful vantage point for surveying the social erosion one perceives to have operated since that time upon people and ideas. The free-spirited Liz Templeton, Mike Bradley, and, yes, even the sardonic Albert whose church membership is not incompatible with a corrosive vulgarity encompassing the Authorities themselves, are recognizable prototypes of people one meets on the street today; one would have to look much farther for a Burton with such elementary ideas about girls, or for a girl, in turn, with a mind calibrated to nothing more profound than chocolate pie and Ronald Colman. Intermarriage with Gentiles and use of tea, coffee, and tobacco still occasion a certain social discomfort and some blindfolding of the conscience, but they have ceased, at least in the urban areas, to constitute the raw stuff of sin and social ostracism.

Sanctuary

By Elnora Chesterman

THOSE who know love know that the end entire
Is not the warmed hearth or companioned chair;
For when the flame and whirlwind of desire
Whip back the curtain laying strange selves bare,
Something is kindled which was not before—
A glow that lives and can perpetuate
Its being, sheltered at the spirit's core,
If consecration lack the cozy grate.

Yet, mortal is the fuel love-fires consume,
Requiring fond replenishment of peace.
Or flesh is worthy of its inner room;
So love grants sanctum for its own increase,
Aware that passion loosed from common touch
Depletes its sources—asking overmuch.

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Gertrude Lawrence in Print

A STAR DANCED. By Gertrude Lawrence. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

HAVING in one week read Gertrude Lawrence's autobiography and seen Clare Boothe Luce act—in a manner of speaking—in "Candida," I have come to the melancholy conclusion that there is much to be said against the striving for an Elizabethan versatility on the part of our talented girls. On behalf of Miss Lawrence, it should be advanced that her writing is more amusing than Mrs. Luce's playing and that she, herself, seems to get much more fun out of it. It is my guess, too, that a considerably greater proportion of her audience could be found pulling for her success. I greatly fear, though, that the entertainment to be derived from her book, "A Star Danced," arises more from its rather fantastically naive egotism and its capacity for turning every episode of her life into motion-picture material than from any literary excellence. Anyway, no one is likely to accuse Miss Lawrence of calling in a ghost writer.

There appears to be a belief held by many otherwise austere observers that the memoirs of stage favorites are always fascinating. My own feeling is that nothing could be much further from the facts, save the other widely-credited myth that the show always goes on. The truth is that virtually all autobiographies of actors are dull, hollow, and fatuous, even though they deal with performers who have had racy and amusing careers. Apparently the usual star is too hearty an extrovert and too unashamed an egoist to bother about anything more than the most superficial aspects of the life going on about him. This is certainly the case with Miss Lawrence. Her career, from her early days of poverty to her mature years of triumph, has been an extremely lively and interesting one, and yet she makes it all seem like a haphazard scenario for almost any Hollywood star.

On the stage Miss Lawrence is one of the great performers of her time, an actress of enormous charm, gayety, versatility, and resource. Her vitality is unbounded, and the excitement with which she invests everything she does is of priceless value to the theater. Some of her wonderful exuberance does occasionally get into her book, but for most of the time she succeeds in making herself seem as unreal and, to tell you the truth, as uninteresting as the routine Hollywood heroine of the routine Hollywood backstage film musical which the whole affair so sadly resembles. It would be a properly ironical touch if, after the inevitable purchase of "A Star Danced" by the movies occurs, it actually does become a vehicle for one of the current pin-up girls rather than for Miss Lawrence herself, since the portrait she provides has a sorrowful way of looking more like one of them than the brilliant actress who draws it.

A great part of the inescapable impression of being written for the films which the book gives comes from Miss Lawrence's insistence on telling her story in flashbacks. She begins by writing of her return to England in the days just before the Allied landing in Normandy and that reminds her of her early days dancing on the streets as a child in London. From then on she is constantly leaping back and forth confusingly between immediate past and distant past. The Hollywood similarity is heightened by the fact that all the men in her life have a way of looking like the suaver romantic heroes of the cinema. That is, except her stepfather, who is a sort of Barry Fitzgerald character. It can be said that Miss Lawrence is candid about herself, since she admits she used to play practical jokes and that one of her admirers called her Dormouse, but she isn't always accurate, as when she thinks that Ring Lardner was a drama critic at the time of the opening of "Charlot's Revue." In a word or two, she is a wonderful performer, but she doesn't write much better than Mrs. Luce acts.

—*Cecil Beaton*

"No one is likely to accuse Gertrude Lawrence of calling in a ghost writer."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME BROTHERS AND SISTERS

"What are the surnames of the brothers and sisters listed below, and what books are they in?" asks the anonymous contributor of this week's quiz. Allowing 2½ points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. Tom, Sid, and Mary.
2. John, Annie, and Lizzie.
3. Michael, Digby, and John.
4. Wendy, John, and Michael.
5. Scarlett, Suellen, and Carreen.
6. Francie, Neeley, and Annie Laurie.
7. Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.
8. Fritz, Ernest, Jack, and Franz.
9. Belinda, Peter, Tim, and Martha.
10. Marcus, Bess, Homer, and Ulysses.
11. George, Olivia, Sophie, and Moses.
12. Mabel, Elizabeth, Kate, and Isabella.
13. Ben, Polly, Joel, David, and Phronsie.
14. Jane, Elizabeth, Lydia, Kitty, and Mary.
15. Jimmy, Asia, Australia, Europena, and Billy.
16. Mackenzie, Margaret, John, Isabella, and Grace.
17. Tom, Al, Noah, Ruthie, Winfield, and Rosasharn.
18. Richart, Jacob, Gerard, Giles, Sybrant, Cornelius, and Kate.
19. Ann, Jolyon, James, Swithin, Roger, Julia, Hester, Nicholas, Timothy, and Susan.
20. Angela, Arnolfo, Maria, Nicolo, Beatrice, Claudia, Federigo, Pietro, Innocenza, Jacopo, and Luigi.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Cohen Defends His Book

SIR: When I read your poor review of my book, "Coming Home," I pocketed my pride, and tried to forget you had once compared me with Balzac, Gissing, etc. And to myself said: perhaps they're right, maybe I'm a bum.

But when I find you editorializing against my book, and wrapping it in a package with "Brick Foxhole" and "They Dream of Home," then I say: now the plot unfolds, they don't like this kind of book, and I begin to wonder why.

You are quite right, sir, in grouping these books together. They all say something. They say, in effect: you gave this man a gun, told him to go out and fight, he did, and in coming home finds some of what he fought against . . . right here.

That may be a nasty thing to say, but that is what these books say. And you cannot avoid it by talking about "psychoneurotic" soldiers, "plastic memory," etc.

The editorial diatribe, sir, is hollow and based on a lie. These books do not insist their soldiers became neurasthenic out there. These books, and particularly mine (and that of Mr. Dan Wickenden in a shadowy way), attribute the neurasthenia of their characters largely to what happens to them on Coming Home, upon being confronted with the facts and moods of life in the United States.

This is particularly true in the case of "Coming Home," in which the Marine, despite his wounds, his malaria, and the shakes of dislocation . . . has a perfectly normal anticipation of life and love, but is deeply shocked by what he finds has happened in his absence. And, as a matter of fact, is normalized, as we all are, by facing his problem and fighting about it.

Sir, you are trying to evade something. You are trying to evade the essence of what these books say. We have entered into a new age, or a new writing age, and these books pronounce it. It might be called the age of self-examination, it might be called the age of conflict between the legendary America and America as is . . . perhaps it is too early to name it, but I, sir, tell you that these books herald something. These books herald an age in which the dominant note will be: is this what we fought for? If you tell me that this is nothing new, that it has appeared before in history, I might agree with you, it is one of the eternal moods. But it seems to me, and from these books, that this will be the dominant vein of the next years of American writing and American life. And its chief protagonist will be the soldier who looks about and feels some small sense of wonder and revelation.

Sir, you are not going to laugh this off with a smoke screen of "psycho-war books" and the smiling little insouciance of "In saying this I am not a cosy Pollyana," etc. The time of the literary soubrettes is gone, tell your editorializer to take off them lacy pantaloons.

And don't tell me, as your editorializer does, that "I have been to the Pacific," etc. Endless numbers of people have been to the Pacific, or to Russia in the last generation, or to where Mussolini made the trains run on time . . . the accident of geography has yet to make a man an analyst of the mood or mainspring of his time, particularly should he wish not to recognize said mood or mainspring.

I am an author. I, like others, might look down the veil of history and write about the Crucifixion. It would be pretty safe, it happened 2,000 years ago, the characters are all worked out, and one is automatically honored if he handles it in the same old way. It is, my dear sir, safe. Ditto that fine novel of the Spanish Main that I won't write. Or the servant girl trash of what happened in the old English castle.

I, sir, in my limited way, have tried to do the hardest job of all—which is to face my time, using the people and politics and catchphrases of my time. But more than anything else, to work in the yet unrecognized mood of my time. Which means, in a way, to peer beyond the edge of this time. I hope I make the point not only for myself, but for the people with whom you have packaged me. And, above all, for their books. You have disparaged "Brick Foxhole," They Dream Of Home," and "Coming Home." And I say unto you, these books have something to say. And if you refuse to face what they say, you are, sir, not properly a review, nor deeply concerned with literature, which after all is a reflection of life.

I do not ask that you agree with me. But I do ask that you face the proposition of these books. And their wealth of people and incident and story-telling quality. And that, above all, you do not set up a strawman for them, and proceed to knock the strawman down. These books are doing or are trying to do something, mainly—hold the mirror up to life. And I think, sir, whatever their faults, they are doing quite a job.

LESTER COHEN.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Attention, Charaders

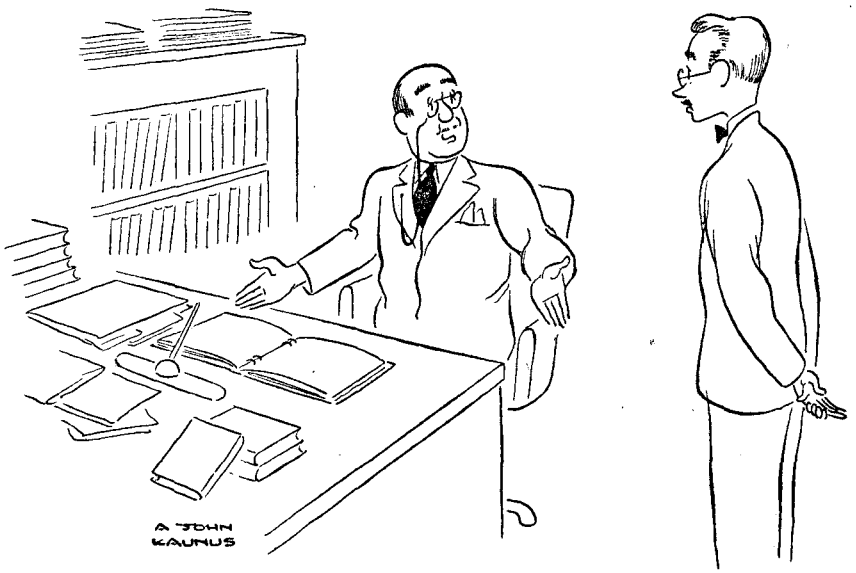
SIR: We wonder if you or your readers can supply us with the answer to a charade first printed in *Harper's* nearly a century ago? It reads:

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

Dean Peacock is said to have solved the following enigma, which is in our Drawer without an answer. If any Yankee can guess as well as the Dean, and will send his work to the Drawer, we shall find it and print it:

"I sit here on a rock while I'm raising the wind,
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.
I have kings at my feet, who await but my nod,
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I have trod.
I am seen by the world, I am known but to a few;
The Gentiles detest me! I am 'pork' to the Jew!
I have never passed but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah, all alone in the ark.
My weight is 3 lbs.! my length is a mile!
And when I'm discovered, you'll say, with a smile,
My first and my last are the best in our isle!"

We published this charade in our



"We don't go in for this Gertrude Stein type of stuff. After all, a book is a book is a book."

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own newspaper, but have received no replies. Perhaps your more literary readers might supply the solution.

A. T. ELLIS.
The East Hampton News,
East Hampton, Conn.

The Hayek Controversy

SIR: Congressman Gwinn seems to be suffering from delusions not only about Dr. Hayek, but also about American farm production.

His letter to you seems to say that, because American farm production was planned, and because prices were not permitted to run wild, therefore we are having a "shortage of production of food."

Perhaps he would prefer food production in World War I, when farm production and prices ran wild. How did food production show up then?

Let's compare total food production for these periods, using 1935-39 as 100 (Figures from Bureau of Agricultural Economics):

	1918	1944
Total food production	90	138
Food production per capita	95	109
Production per farm worker	87	145

As everybody should know, farm production (in total, per capita, and per farm worker) has been higher in the last few years than ever before in history. The American farmer has turned out enormous quantities of food of all kinds.

The difficulty has been that the demand has been even greater than this enormous supply.

That's what happens in a war. But Congressmen shouldn't talk nonsense about a "failure" in agricultural production.

DONALD R. MURPHY.
Editor, *Wallaces' Farmer,*
Des Moines, Ia.

"Bolts of Melody"

SIR: In "Bolts of Melody: New Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham, the following appears as Poem 232:

My God, what is a heart,
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow or a part
Of all these things—or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Both Mrs. Bingham and her mother seem to have taken this as an original poem by Emily. Instead it is a verbatim copy of Stanzas 2 and 3 of George Herbert's "Mattens."

ARTHUR N. STUNZ.
Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio.

"New Chum"

SIR: It is sad that your reviewer of John Masefield's "New Chum" missed, as he says, "the helpful signposts with which a conscientious writer usually helps a lay reader along. For example, the obsolescent and alien atmosphere of the ship's society, while it is made vivid and immediate in experience, obscures such fundamental questions as the hero's age. I had put him variously between eight and eleven, when, more than half way through, appeared the hint that his fellow new chums were thirteen, and a reference to 'the early nineties' made it evident that the author, born in 1878, was at least thirteen himself."

On page two of "New Chum," Mr. Masefield states, "I was thirteen years, three months and three weeks old." Could that signpost be much more "helpful?"

J. EDITH MONAHAN.
New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

***"Please* sit down, General, you're rocking the boat."**

Why Blame the Doctors?

SIR: Reviewing "Doctors at War," Waldemar Kaempffert remarks, ". . . but we do expect less malnutrition, fewer dental defects, a better control of venereal diseases, a more frequent recourse to the physician in a country which claims to have the best medicine in the world."

You think it's fair to blame the doctors for malnutrition? Why not blame the Congress which has failed to socialize food production and distribution so that every man might have food according to his need? Why blame the doctors for dental defects? Why not blame heredity? How can the reviewer expect the doctors to control venereal diseases when the Congress has failed to devise legislation controlling fornication? And what does he mean by "claims to have the best medicine in the world"? We know now that we have the best medicine because we have had ample comparison with some of the best talent out of Europe and the average American resident is a better man than the European who has been in practice fifteen years. Most certainly more recourse to the doctor. Why not? What the reviewer wanted to say was more recourse to the doctor for free. *PM* says the same thing; something like medical care for those who need it for free. Senator Wagner wants it that way more or less. Make it for free; supply it according to need but the hell with the needs of the doctor.

Your reviewer quotes Rowntree to the following tune, "not only do defects abound but the physical fitness of the youth of the nation is at low ebb." Out of that ebb; out of that black nadir there was organized an army which was in sufficiently good condition to "whop the bejesus out of the professionals."

MILTON J. SCHREIBER, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

Sign of Sanity

SIR: One of the best things that ever happened to publishing, recently done, has been almost totally overlooked. I refer to the decision of the *San Francisco Chronicle* to discontinue publishing its best-seller list. The main reason given was simply wonderful, in that such lists serve no good purpose and serve a very bad one by placing far too much emphasis on a few books, thus hurting others almost as good, as good, or even better. It is notorious that best-seller lists do not even reflect what is actually best-selling. For instance, booksellers who have overbought a book which is not selling frequently report to a national best-seller list that the cluck book is a best-seller, sending the sheep to the bookstores to buy it. Long may the *Chronicle's* pioneering lead the way for others!

THEODORE PRATT.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

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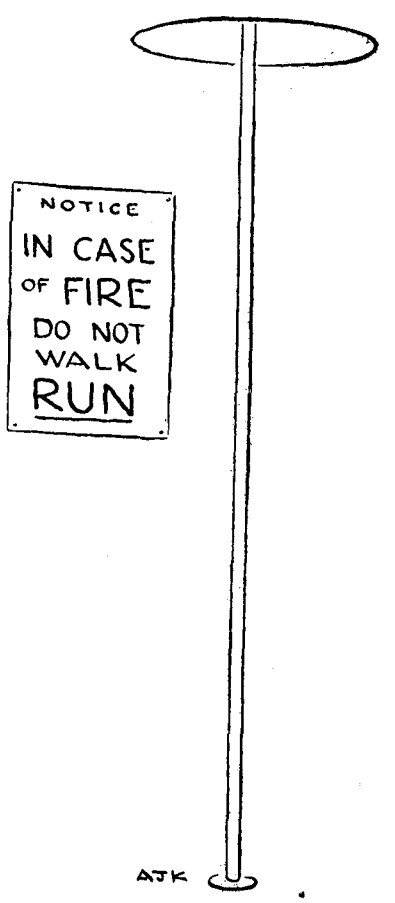
TRADE Winds

A HOST OF important new magazines will be fighting for space on the newsstands as soon as paper restrictions are removed. The backers are understandably coy and evasive, but so many people are involved in the preliminary planning that complete secrecy is out of the question. *Business Week* lists the likeliest entrants as follows: a picture magazine along the lines of *Life* by Curtis; a journal of opinion by *Time,* Inc. (possible title: *Common Sense,* reportedly acquired recently by Editor Luce); a progressive magazine temporarily tagged *"Project X,"* by Marshall Field; a bigger and better *Pic* by Street and Smith; a whopping big newcomer by the publishers of *Look* (more successful than others in concealing the exact target at which they are shooting); and a junior publication by *Harper's Bazaar.* McGraw-Hill are toying with a publication that would challenge the supremacy of *Popular Science,* and so for that matter are those restless fellows at *Time-Life.* A Wall Street syndicate headed by Floyd Odlum has bought *Liberty* for about two million dollars. The overnight success of *Seventeen* is the inspiration behind at least three of the usual imitators. Big things are afoot, too, at the plushy home of *The Readers Digest.* . . . Publishers of twenty-five cent books are worried lest many newsdealers now featuring their lines drop them for sheer lack of display room. . . .

P. I. PRENTICE, publisher of *Time,* refutes the popular notion that classes are held to teach the staff *"Time* style." "Many an applicant has been turned down," he says, "for the very reason that samples of his work showed he was an imitator of *Time*—as he imagined it—instead of a writer of direct, vivid, sense-making English. . . . Parodies beginning like 'Outraged was snaggle-toothed, bilious Herman Zilch' are out of date; nowadays we do not think highly of backward syntax. . . . We adopted the word 'tycoon' after discarding 'mogul' and 'titan' as too shopworn, and 'hospodor' and 'beglerbeg' as too obscure." . . .

A FORTHRIGHT LADY representative of the *London Daily Mail* phoned several book houses last week and demanded, "Are you the Americans who offered Winston Churchill a million dollar advance on his war memoirs?" Two publishers, when they recovered consciousness, confessed it was the nicest compliment they had received in years. . . . Tennessee Williams, whose prize-winning "The Glass Menagerie" has just appeared in book form, explains the title in this wise: "My young sister used to keep a collection of tiny glass animals on shelves in the family's home in St. Louis. By poetic association they came to represent in my memory all the softest emotions that belong to recollections of things past. They stood for all the tender things that relieve the austere pattern of life and make it endurable to the sensitive." Believe it or not, that's the way Mr. Williams talks. . . . Undisputed winner of the 1945 Charleston contest is John Beecroft, who has chosen two novels about that city for the Literary Guild within the space of six months. First came Robert Molloy's "Pride's Way" and in October will follow Josephine Pinckney's "Three O'Clock Dinner." Miss Pinckney's family is so famous in Charleston that one of the city's principal thoroughfares bears its name. . . . Molloy, incidentally, inquires if anybody remembers the Irishman who wrote home to his brother: "America sure is a wonderful, wonderful place. Here I am pulling down a Lutheran church and getting ten dollars a day for it." . . .



THE LIKELIEST BET on the new Dutton list is a charming Irish book called "Lovely Is the Lee," written and illustrated by the same Robert Gibbings who was responsible for the typographic gems published fifteen to twenty years ago under the imprint of the Golden Cockerel Press. One of the typical stories in the book concerns the Shawn O'Reilly who used to be going the roads selling fish:

> One night Shawn tied his ass to a tree by the road and went up to a cottage to redden his pipe, for he had no matches. And they were having a dance inside, and there was a little old woman by the fire. "Come in," said she. "Here's a fine young girl wants a man to dance with her." And she was the grandest girl ever, and the two of them danced jigs and reels and sets all the night. . . .
>
> And the piper was playing away all the time. So, after the dance was over a man came around with the hat to collect for the piper, and Shawn put fourpence in the hat. He said good-bye to them then, and he said he'd be coming again on his way back from the fair, and he'd be sure to call in to see them. So they parted, the greatest friends in the world. . . .
>
> 'Twas a week later when Shawn was travelling back over the same road, and he was thinking to himself 'twould be nice to drop in for another dance, that he came to the spot, or what he thought was the spot, for divil a sign of the cottage. The longer he looked the surer he was in the right place. Then what did he see before him on a stone but his own four pennies, and that was all he ever heard or saw of the cottage after. . . .

THE STORY of the old *Paris Herald* and all the now-famous reporters who worked for it is being recorded for Whittlesey House by Al Laney and Allan Updegraff. . . . The history of *The Stars and Stripes,* service newspaper that bears about the same relationship to the pre-war *Paris Herald* as a bulldog to a toy peke, will be published by Farrar & Rinehart. Authors are the lusty journal's editors, Sergeants Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney. . . . Albert Beatty's "History of American Railroads," on the Duell, Sloan, and Pearce advance list, will contain more than a thousand illustrations. . . . Lead book in the new Norton catalogue is Lt. Col. Seagrave's "Burma Surgeon Returns." . . . Every time Walter Winchell mentions E. A. Piller's "Time Bomb" on the air, Arco rushes another edition to press. This book is an eye-opener on disruptive forces now coming out into the open in this country. Some of the specimens dissected by Mr. Piller are even more nauseating than Brother Bilbo. . . . The University of Chicago Press is excited over Graham Hutton's "Midwest at Noon," "in which an English-

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"He belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club."

man examines—and appreciates—America's Midwest." Somerset Maugham touched on the same subject in "The Razor's Edge." . . . The *New York Post* has bought the *Bronx Home News*. This thriving neighborhood daily achieved national fame when Leon Trotsky, who once was supposed to have acted as motorman on a Bronx trolley line, came into power in Russia. The *Home News* banner headline was "Bronx Boy Makes Good." . . .

HARRY ABRAMS, art editor of the BOMC, has a four-year-old son who is following in his footsteps. The boy has named his latest drawing "Number Three Spitting in the Fog." Henry Commager's daughter Nellie, same age, chose as a title for *her* most ambitious canvas "Paralysis Concerto." Wait till H. Allen Smith hears about this! . . . For some unstated reason, Otis Moore of Kenilworth, N. J., has been doing some research on the subject of mules, and sends me the following out of a clear blue sky:

Dear Bennett Cerf:

Do you know why Missouri stands at the head in raising mules? Because that is the only safe place to stand.

Ever hear of the mule skinner whose critter just wouldn't move a step? He went to a vet to get something to give it. A half hour later he was back, demanding, "Gimme a double dose of that stuff. I gotta catch that mule!"

There's another hoary tale of a sick mule. The horse doctor prescribed a medicine to be blown through a tube into the mule's mouth. Soon the man returned, looking mighty sick. "What on earth has happened to you?" asked the vet anxiously. The man replied, "That damn mule blew first." . . .

ON THE HEELS of Otis Moore's communiqué, comes a story from Dale Harrison about an ingenious fellow who has devised a scheme to make oysters the most popular year-round food in the world. It involves a simple change in the spelling of four calendar months: Mayr, Juner, Jurly, and Augurst. . . . Frank Case says that the theory about oysters being out of season in summer is completely outmoded anyhow; with modern refrigeration and scientific breeding, a bivalve is just as safe and succulent in July as it is in December. . . . One last story about oysters. My Uncle Herbert writes from Vermont that his neighbor went running to the doctor with a badly spoiled stomach. "What did you eat for dinner last night?" asked the doctor. "Oysters," she said. "Fresh oysters?" he persisted. "How should I know?" said the lady. "Well," asked the doctor, "couldn't you tell when you took off the shells?" "My God," gasped the lady. "Are you supposed to take off the shells?"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

THOMAS B. COSTAIN is racing along the road of historical romance. There is no stopping him now. He used to be a regular editor here, but now on the increasingly rare occasions when he enters this office, his stride is quickened, and his face shows the far-off concern for his new love. Or perhaps it is unfair to say new love;—writing was always COSTAIN'S first and only love, and its embers smouldered beneath editorial duties until he was fifty-five.

At fifty-five most men are soft of body and hardened of mind. Not COSTAIN. At fifty-five he unleashed a sensitive, youthful pen and tightened his stride. Now well into his stride, he has brought out his third novel, **The Black Rose.**

It has all the standard requirements—romance, action, travel, and a wealth of historical characters and detail. **The Black Rose** presents the problem of choice between two women from opposite sides of the globe; it travels from Oxford to Cathay; it meets Roger Bacon, England's first great scientist, and Bayan of the Hundred Eyes, the incredible General of the Mongol armies.

But more than these things, it accomplishes that often talked about but less often achieved feat of bringing a buried century to life. He does it by writing simply and directly about those things which ring a bell in the contemporary mind. It must give him a deep satisfaction to perceive the countless often achieved feat of bringing a

in human nature throughout the centuries, especially when the world of today is characterized by a shifting nature so great that it is capable of being "vaporized" by the atomic energies of its own inmates. And in this connection it is interesting to note that Walter, the hero of **The Black Rose** stood on the banks of the Yangtze and saw for the first time a new weapon of destruction, a weapon terrifying in its possibilities—gunpowder.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

TAKE 'EM OFF!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the fifth of a series of seven guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is Bernard Sobel, frequent contributor to* SRL *and author of "Burleycue," the definitive history of burlesque.*

THOUGH New York is the ideal area for the study and enjoyment of the stage, her list of classified amusements, these days, is, alas, incomplete. Censor-bound, she is unable to include that historical specimen of distinctly native drama—the burlesque show.

This enforced omission is regrettable for several reasons: the ambitious young man is deprived of a place for sowing vicarious wild oats and learning "the secrets of women's hidden charms." The returning soldier is deprived of the escapist hilarity which accompanies bawdy jokes, raucous singing, and bad dancing. The oncoming comedian is denied admittance to the superlative school for pratt falls and belly laughs at a time when there are lamentably few prospective successors for the aging veterans.

Designed originally as an entertainment for men only, burlesque has exercised a continuous though diminishing influence on the revue and musical comedy stage for almost fifty years. Included among its famous features, largely sure-fire, were the star comic or expert comedy team, girls in tights, an idea stolen from Lydia Thompson's "British Blondes" and "The Black Crook," several variety acts, and four or five "bits" or comedy sketches.

Five minutes before the performance began, the candy butcher walked down the aisle, faced the audience, and delivered an oration concerning his priceless wares: a five-cent box of delicious chocolates with enclosed prize coupon entitling the winner to a diamond ring or a pair of miniature opera glasses; and a handsome souvenir photograph album, for surreptitious distribution only, showing beautiful ladies caught, off-guard, in numerous and sundry poses and postures.

A moment after, the orchestra leader appeared, the pianist sounded his "A," the fiddler tuned up, the curtain rose, and a glittering galaxy of near-beautiful girls with fine, but commodious figures rushed down to the footlights and blurted out a song of welcome.

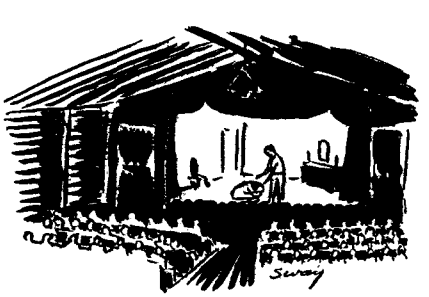
Five minutes later, the fun began with the arrival of the comic. This worthy got a laugh as soon as he stepped before the footlights, thanks to his trick wig, putty nose, papier-mache ears, and over-sized trousers which he was already adjusting. Sometimes he worked alone as a monologuist, but later, as the show progressed, he teamed up with the other comics, usually three or four of them, stock feeders and foils: the Chinaman, in laundry white pants and coat, the colored boy, in tatters, the Irishman, Dutchman, or dude, and the straight man, impeccable in formal evening dress, spotless linen, and glossy urbanity.

Most of the laughs derived from the "bits," hundreds of comic sketches which dated back to the Gesta Romanorum, medicine show, and saloon anecdote, and which were based on elemental emotions like love, hate, fear, pain, and jealousy. Their main outlines never changed. The charm of the familiar pervaded. The comic, as a result, did little rehearsing.

"Let's have the title and punch-line," he would say; and given these, he would improvise the intervening stage business and dialogue, in the manner of the *commedia dell'arte.*

Favorite skits included the infidelity episode in which the cuckold husband, returning home unexpectedly, finds his wife in another man's immoral embrace; the phony card game, in which the wise guy takes over the boob; the haunted house incident in which earthy ghosts terrify the colored boy; and the crazy asylum deluge, in which the comic, while reclining in bed, gets a sudden shower bath.

Sometimes the comedy depended on mechanical apparatus like the Gazeeka Box, a portable bathhouse with attached curtains concealing the painted beauties, the Strength Tester, a large scale equipped with electric lights, horns, and bell; and the dentist's chair, bounded by handle bars, metal levers, and a giant forceps.



At the opening of the scene, the patient would enter solemnly, ask the pseudo-physician for a treatment, and timorously ascend the chair. Then the dentist would give the patient most unprofessional treatment, yanking him up, down, and around him until he begged for mercy. It was horse-play, of course, but the audience loved it.

Another favorite "bit" introduced the Pickle Persuader, a papier-mache cucumber with a string attached which the straight man would hold in front of the comedian saying: "If you flash this charm before a beautiful lady you'll win her love immediately."

Greatly pleased, the trusting comic would do as directed. Three girls appear, one after another, and when he waves the cucumber they capitulate. Life is indeed perfect until the last girl arrives. She looks him over and then proceeds to slap his face.

Noteworthy also, were certain minor gadgets good for what was called "eye-laughs"; such traditional stage properties like the slapsticks, scare wigs, siphons, stage money, the bladders, and revolvers. Especially popular was the wooden gavel introduced in "Irish Justice."

THE scene of this famous "bit" is a courtroom with a seemingly impractical trial in progress. But when the accused and the witnesses take the stand, the judge, forgetful of personal dignity, swats them over the head with the bladders, hits them with a bean-shooter, and finally knocks himself out with the official wooden gavel.

By the time that the second "bit" was over, the show was in full swing. And from this moment on it advanced happily, number by number, until the intermission when half the house adjourned to the toilet, the adjacent saloon, or the sidewalk to talk over the dames or send a note backstage.

Part Two, the olio, was a brief vaudeville show made up of specialty acts, including, frequently, a singer of sob songs and an expert acrobatic team. The most exciting moment, however, came with the advertised come-on, the Extra Added Attraction, which could be either a wrestling match, a boxing bout, featuring a retired champion, or the hootchee cootchee. This was the seductive title given the notorious umbilical gyrations which Little Egypt introduced in 1893 at the Chicago World's Fair; and which soon became so popular that Little Egypts sprang up all over the country in carnivals, tent shows, and street fairs.

Following the Extra Added Attraction came a free-for-all called the Afterpiece which enlisted the services of the entire company in a superficial travesty on public affairs or a take-off on a Broadway play. The show closed

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Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
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with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.
(AIR-CONDITIONED)

with an Amazon parade with the girls wearing tights whose satin leotards were embellished with a red heart composed of small electric lights which lit up as the curtain went down.

Out of this vibrating hodge-podge of entertainment, there emerged, magically, almost every great comedian of the American stage: Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Montgomery and Stone, Will Rogers, Leon Errol, Sophie Tucker, Bert Lahr, Willie Howard, W. C. Fields, Jack Pearl, Bobby Clark, Weber and Fields, Abbott and Costello, and Jimmie Savo.

Their training was savage, hazardous, and heart-breaking. The moment they reached the footlights they were on their own, facing a challenging, heckling audience, an audience which was quick to throw tomatoes and cabbages or to shout viciously: "Get the Hook!" Hoots and catcalls drowned out jokes. Sporadic brawls interrupted dance routines. Beer bottles rolled down the aisle. Sailors made love to visiting ladies in carelessly curtained loges. Excitement crackled, for a police raid was always impending, with the entire company potentially en route to the hoosegow.

For more than thirty years these shows thrived. Rose Sydell's "London Belles" ran twenty-six years and the Rentz-Santley show, ten. "Sliding" Billy Watson, May Howard, and Watson's "Beef Trust," all checked up memorable records. Two burlesque wheels, the Mutual and the Columbia, coined money while independents like Minsky's packed 'em in. But Time, Tide, the market crash, and prohibition brought about a great change.

With the arrival of the strip tease artist, the *danse de ventre* recitalist departed and burlesque took on a new character. Who originated this new feature has never been determined, but Ann Corio and Gypsy Rose Lee, in particular, made it the most talked of stage attraction of the era.

The number itself was a combination of posing, strutting, dancing, and singing, punctuated from time to time by thrusts and twists of the abdomen called "bumps" and "grinds." The steps were known in succession as the Flash or entrance; the Parade or march across the stage, in full costume; the Tease or increasing removal of wearing apparel while the audience, lusting for bed and body, shouts, "More! Take off more!"; and the climactic Strip or denuding down to the G-string, followed by a speedy retreat into the obscuring draperies.

At first, each show had only one strip-tease dancer. Then opposition managers began increasing the number until the entire chorus stripped, exposing an array of bare breasts as

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

THE BIG SLEEP

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extensive as a candid camera cannibal close-up.

This procedure reduced the importance of the comic and burlesque, as a result, began to go to pieces. Gradually, too, it lost the features for which it had been the sole purveyor. The Broadway revue stole nudity, then purloined the "bits" and sold them under the title of "Blackouts." The runway dispelled illusions of physical perfection. The new fashion in shortened skirts made the heretofore sacrosanct female leg easily visible and ubiquitious. The high cost of stage hands and the advent of motion pictures made the going tough. Then the censor struck a fatal blow. The rival wheels folded and all that now remains of the independents is a few scattered shows in key cities and a few lusty towns.

In the old days the audience took the show in their stride, without psychoanalyzing or moralizing. Today, the patron must be a perfect schizophrenic, regretting the lost art, second-rate performers, drab settings, and pornography while loving the history, tradition, and stage conventions, ribaldry, and perennial fascination of the female figure.

Matinee or night, however, in the gallery or down in front, it's all in fun!

BERNARD SOBEL.

Fairy-Tale of Reality

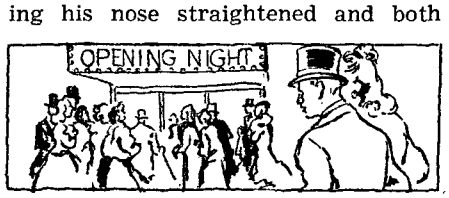
THERE GOES AN ACTOR. By Alexander Granach. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 279 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

ALEXANDER GRANACH, who won high praise for his performances on the pre-Nazi stage in Berlin and in such well-known Hollywood pictures as "Joan of Paris," "Voice in the Wind," "Hangmen Also Die," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and "The Seventh Cross," died suddenly two days after having finished the reading of the final proofs of his first and last book, an autobiography called very appropriately "There Goes an Actor."

To how many people has he read parts of this book while it was still in the process of being written? And of those to whom he read it, who will ever forget the fire and the passion, the laughter and the emotion Alexander Granach put into the recital of the story of his youth? The same power of vitality, human warmth, and *joie de vivre* still emanates from the printed word, now that its author has gone from this earth. How could it be otherwise with a story which, by its whole tone and atmosphere, constitutes a perfect example of that kind which Maxim Gorki once termed "the amazing fairy-tales of reality"?

Yes, it *is* a fairy-tale of reality: a poor Jewish village boy from Eastern Galicia sees his first play, gets incurably stagestruck, and overcomes seemingly insurmountable obstacles to become an actor and to win big roles on the most distinguished stages of Austria, Switzerland, and Germany (having his nose straightened and both legs broken and reset to achieve it).



But thrilling and colorful as this part of the story might seem and indeed is, its essential charm lies in the description of the years of boyhood in Eastern Galicia. With a deep love matched by an extraordinary gift of observation, Alexander Granach paints the picture of the tiny village of Werbiwci with its haughty Polish landowner, and its many Ukranian peasant households, and its four poor Jewish shopkeeper families. "Ever memorable characters" is a pretty moth-eaten formula, but one almost feels compelled to use it with reference to half a dozen people portrayed in the first chapters of Granach's book, for instance, Father, full of tenderness, understanding, and philosophy; and Mother, who "every week talked to God like a grown daughter to a father reminding him of his responsibilities and duties"; and the oldest son, Schachne Eber, whom "father treated as if he, the father, were the younger brother," because Schachne Eber's judgment on everything was so good; and old Jus Fedorkiw, the Ukrainian neighbor of the Granachs, who for years used to carry on a discussion in instalments with father; and last but not least that strange and touching couple of friends: babbling, smiling, fat half-idiot "Thank God" and melancholy, crippled "Little Pity."

And then there is the Eastern Galician countryside. In reading Alexander Granach's description of the "black juicy earth" always looking "half asleep like a sleek good-natured cow standing still to be milked" one really comes to smell the fragrance of its meadows, and to hear the rustling of its old dreamy woods, and to see its softly undulating fields of grain as heavy as lead.

"There Goes an Actor" is a fine book, moving and merry, and full of earthy wisdom.

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You may find Father Smith coasting down a long hill on his bicycle with the rain running down the back of his neck—you may find him annointing a very old and dying sinner in striped pajamas and discussing Far Eastern jezebels with gilded fingernails — or you may find him comforting a young actress whose lover has gone into the church.

But wherever you find him you may know him by his love for the living, his compassion for the dying, and the inexhaustible tranquility which is the fragrance of his nature.

And wherever you find Father Smith you will find him between the covers of a book. You may borrow it for a few cents a day—you may borrow it for nothing at the public library — you may buy it for $2.50 — or for the price of a dirty look you may read it over a friend's shoulder. In any case, it will repay your trouble, and its title is **The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith** By Bruce Marshall

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the old-marrieds

But in the crowding darkness
not a word did they say.
Though the pretty-coated birds
had piped so lightly all
the day.
And he had seen the lovers
in the little side streets.
And she had heard the
morning stories
clogged with sweets.
It was quite a time for loving.
It was midnight.
It was May.
But in the crowding darkness
not a word did they say.

Richard Wright has written of Miss Brooks' works: "She is a real poet. There is no self-pity here, nor a striving for effects. She takes hold of reality as it is and renders it faithfully."

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HARPER

Natural and Human Resources in Russia

THE BASIS OF SOVIET STRENGTH. By George B. Cressey. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 252 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

MR. CRESSY has written an invaluable book on the sources of Russia's strength—her geology and geography, her industrial and agricultural resources, and her manpower. A scientist by profession—he is head of the Department of Geology and Geography of Syracuse University—he writes with a conciseness and a lucidity that make the most abstruse scientific explanations enjoyable reading. What enhances the value of the book is the skill with which the author interpolates enough history, sociology, anthropology, and common sense to make his exposition pregnant.

"The Soviet Union," he writes, "is big, diverse, rich and remote." It has some of the richest soils in the world and some of the hugest wastelands. Her *chernosems*—blacklands—are five times as large as those of our own country. She holds one-fifth of the forest lands of the world and her commercial timber spreads over a territory of a million square miles. Siberia embraces an area of five million square miles, all of it in northern Asia and almost four-fifths of it permanently frozen.

Immense are Russia's riches in mineral resources. In coal she holds a place second only to that of the United States. Her reserves in oil and gas "may approach or exceed those of the United States." New copper deposits are being continually discovered but the ore is comparatively poor in quality. In manganese she leads the world; also in potassium and apatites. She has an abundance of industrial salts. In gold and platinum, in zinc and lead, she is likewise enormously rich. "No other country has so great a variety of minerals and only the United States is richer." All this is in complete contrast with the pronouncements of certain American geographers who during the years of Russia's first Plan doomed Russia to irretrievable poverty because of the supposed paucity in her natural resources.

"Winter," says the author, "is the dominant season." In the Siberian Arctic the period that is free from frost lasts only sixty days. In the central European zone in the Ukraine and in southwestern Siberia the growing season continues from 120 to 180 days. Only in Central Asia does it rise to 200 days and longer. Such a climate places definite limitations on Russian agriculture, but Russian scientists are strenuously at work to mitigate and here and there to overcome these limitations.

"The key to Soviet strength," says the author, "is in her people." No other nation outside of Asia "has such a reserve of man-power." While preponderantly Slav in racial origin, the minorities comprise at least 169 ethnic groups. The annual increase in population reaches the figure of 2,800,000. According to the census of 1939, sixty-three percent of the entire population is under thirty years of age. Russia is therefore preponderantly a nation of youth, with "three times as many young people under sixteen as the United States."

Nowhere is the author dogmatic in his conclusions. Neither Sovietophobe nor Sovietophile can quarrel with him as to his facts or his judgments. His is a lively, wholly unprejudiced, quite pragmatic appraisal of the natural and human sources of Russia's strength. Void of venom or sentiment, the book is a singularly valuable contribution to the growing literature on one of the most exciting and one of the most difficult subjects with which every citizen of this land of plenty must increasingly concern himself.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sawyer. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
2. Ridd. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
3. Geste. "Beau Geste," by P. C. Wren.
4. Darling. "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie.
5. O'Hara. "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
6. Nolan. "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith.
7. March. "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
8. Robinson. "Swiss Family Robinson," by Johann Wyss.
9. Cratchit. "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.
10. Macauley. "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan.
11. Primrose. "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
12. Stanley. "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert.
13. Pepper. "The Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sidney.
14. Bennet. "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen.
15. Wiggs. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Hegan Rice.
16. Deal. "A Lantern in Her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich.
17. Joad. "Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck.
18. Eliasson. "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade.
19. Forsyte. "The Forsyte Saga," by John Galsworthy.
20. Guessippi. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

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Innocence and Complicity in Germany

BENEATH THE STONE. By George Tabori. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ONE tack which the Germans are going to take (which indeed they are already taking, as we learn in some of the daily dispatches from Germany), is to plead a sort of psychological innocence of their crimes. In its boldest form, the plea will be that their leaders had control, they were forced to obey, what could they do? More subtly, the plea will be that they are unhappy, misjudged, maltreated, or psychically injured people who need more to be pitied than censured. Some of the civilians are saying this to the occupying forces in Germany, and here is a representative German soldier, a major, saying it at length in a novel.

There are a great many other things in this novel of course—good writing, quite good, a very tight dramatic development, considerable skill in the creation of several atmospheres, the atmosphere of tension between people, and the darker, tenser atmosphere of tortuous introspection. But plainly the important focal point of the book is Major Borst's lengthy and eloquent defense of the Nazi record, using himself as testing ground for his argument: that he was a sensitive and beauty-seeking man, like all Germans; that he was rebuffed at every turn by the English, who are after all a cold, snobbish, unimaginative people; that he tried always to reach out for communion and understanding, in vain; that he was forced back upon his own resources at last, quivering with frustration; that (moving from individual to national history) the Germans had to fight this war, which was forced upon them, with as much efficiency and humane dispatch as possible; that it was unreasonable to complain about the levelling of Rotterdam—weren't the Allies bombing cities too? And so on—ad nauseam.

Most of it develops in a series of colloquies between Borst and a captured British aviator whom he is questioning for information. The Englishman is a shadowy figure, silent and cagey, while Borst talks, talks—to the flyer, to himself, into his mirror in the quiet of solitude. Whom is he trying to convince of his innocence, or, more accurately, of the injustice of world judgment? Is it the Englishman, who scarcely listens? Is it ourselves, the readers? If so, what point is Mr. Tabori himself making? Either he is trying to present Major Borst as one whose point of view (Beneath the Stone, there beats a tender human heart) we ought to consider—or else he is trying to warn us against Borst and his eloquence. If the second, it is hard to understand why he winds up the book with Borst setting his flyer-prisoner free and killing himself, in a romantic gesture of self-denial. No—the text here seems to be, in all seriousness, that which Noel Coward once exclaimed in mocking bitterness: "Let's not be beastly to the Germans."

There is, it should be added, a monstrous Gestapo man called Hirtenberg, who is evidently a foil for the more fastidious Borst. Hirtenberg revels in the Nazi bestiality; Borst wishes, uncomfortably, that it were unnecessary. I do not believe the victims of Buchenwald would find it possible or necessary to make any distinction between them, nor will the informed reader.

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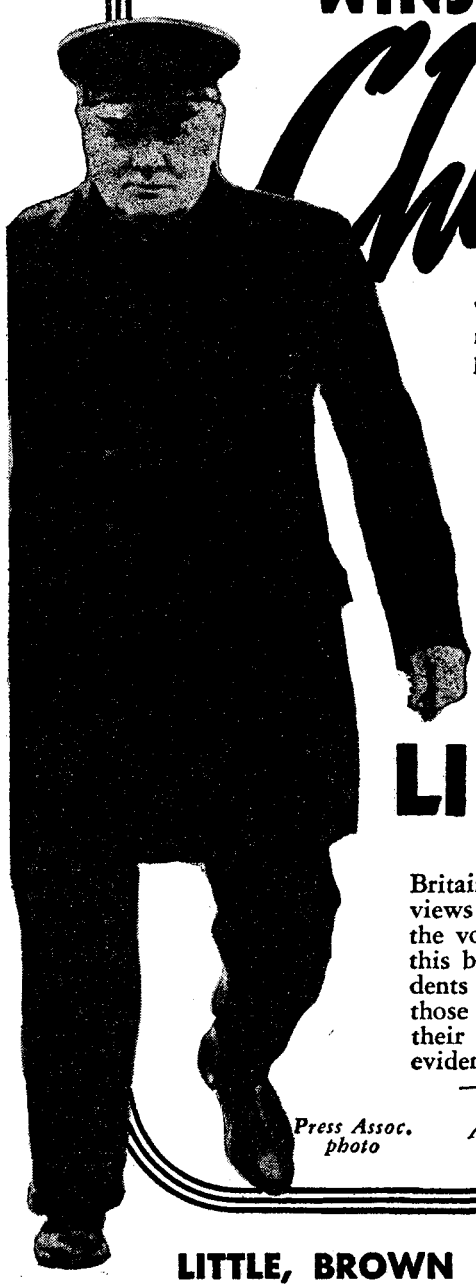

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Young Dr. Dover

BURNING GOLD. By Robert Hardy Andrews. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 403 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

GOOD melodrama like good wine needs no bush, so that one could cheerfully dispense with some of the Latin tags, moral philosophies, and gems of poesy in this story—otherwise its only fault is that it keeps one up late at night. Dumas and Stevenson never contrived more deliberately and shamelessly to throw everything in the way of suspense together with the red hot kitchen stove at their readers.

See what we have here—a poor but honest young doctor, Tom Dover, who falls in love at first sight with the most beautiful woman in England. This is in the time of Queen Anne so no protests will be entertained at this late date. She is a Lady, of course, so he enrolls on a ship for a trip around the world. It happens to be the Lady's ship, so he busses her a smacking big buss and weighs anchor. He leaves behind him that greasy journalist, Daniel Defoe, but he finds the great geographer Dampier aboard (which gives us a definite date—1708-1711—particularly as his captain's name is "Roger Woodes"—it was Woodes Rogers whom Dampier actually accompanied).

The sea voyage is strictly Marryat up to the point where the hero is shot, presumably at some suggestion from his captain, and left adrift in a small boat. Naturally, no hero dies on page 150 of a 400-page book, so Tom is rescued by a female person, but no lady, with a heart of gold. She takes him back to Tortuga, a pirate metropolis where he becomes a pirate doctor.

All is idyllic till Molly's lover, a great pirate captain, comes home with a shipload of gold, rubies, and blondes. Molly, Tom, and the pirate have to flee from the stronghold together and their first piratical capture includes—no!—Lady Aurelia. Tom kills the pirate more or less by accident—for you cannot have two D'Artagnans in one narrative—and he and the ladies flee across the Isthmus of Panama and encounter a little party of marooned persons. Yes, Dampier. But no, no, no a thousand times, also Robinson Crusoe. So they all go back to London—except poor Molly who has to be eliminated on account of modern fictional objections to polygamy—with five million dollars each, and live happily ever afterward.

Anyone who can develop that exciting nonsense on what is apparently an authentic background and make you love it, is a genius to my mind.

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Poet and Fabulist

THE WEAVER BIRDS. By Ian Serrailler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 84 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SHOULD poetry be fun to read? A good many today would say no. Has anybody in our time taken time off to write us another "Pied Piper of Hamelin"? You know they have not. At that, it would take considerable doing. I doubt very much if any modern poet is up to it. In default of that, you might have a look at a new book by one new to us in America, at this book "The Weaver Birds," by Ian Serrailler, born of a French father and a Scotch mother, her people being shipbuilders on the Clyde. From the ringing hammers of the Clyde you would hardly expect the fables of this book, the matter being purloined from India, ancient Greece, Japan, and the Rhône Valley in Switzerland. But Mr. Serrailler, a Quaker by belief, is also a traveller by predilection. He has climbed and skied the Alps and clambered also in Snowdonia or the Lake District. In the Vaudois Alps he has lived and worked. He likes to spin yarns in verse, in a semi-colloquial manner which would have pleased the author of the "Pied Piper." In relating how St. Simeon Stylites, for instance, triumphed over the dragon, he says:

As an oddity the solemn Simeon was
eminent.
"See him on his high horse," "Simeon's Agony Column," these
posters were everywhere so prominent
that tourists rolled up from afar for
a visit
("So that's him, is it?") And under
the pole
Azzah his mother harangued them
proudly
"He'd never have stuck it
without the wholesome meals I send
him
daily by pulley, rope and bucket."

You can see that Mr. Serrailler has an easy, casual way with rhyme, nonrhyme, and metre, but his work with vowels and consonants is not in the least so simple as it seems. He can also draw. He has illustrated his own book which is composed of eight varied narrative poems, eight sonnets, and seven miscellaneous offerings. (He has also contributed to eight standard anthologies, and his poems have been broadcast by the B.B.C., but that by the way.) He tells all sorts of legends, some esoteric, some as well-known as "The Three Bears." I like extremely the ending of "The Three Bears," which does justice at last to the father of Goldilocks. She escapes, and the woodcutter, her father, sees that she gets home safely.

Goodbye to the woodcutter, goodbye
to Goldilocks,
goodbye (don't forget it) to the gun.
Cheerio.
Long after they'd vanished, homefaring,
the bears were at the window, spellbound,
still staring.

Or you might try a basilisk such as Nicris disposed of; the account of that battle being a marvel of vividness. If you wish more serious poems, there are the sonnets, or some of the miscellaneous. I wish I had room to quote a great deal. One that I *must* quote is "The Hen and the Carp," but before I do so, I wish to say that this book is a mixture of the learnedly fantastic and the originally observant; and I think we have a new poet here who does not follow any beaten track, and who juggles words with real dexterity. I cannot hope to indicate his graver merits. But—

THE HEN AND THE CARP

Once, in a roostery,
there lived a speckled hen, and
whenever she laid an egg this hen
ecstatically cried:
"O progeny miraculous, particular
spectaculous,
what a wonderful hen am I!"

Down in a pond near by
perchance a gross and broody carp
was basking, but her ears were
sharp—
she heard Dame Cackle cry:
"O progeny miraculous, particular
spectaculous,
what a wonderful hen am I!"

"Ah, Cackle," bubbled she,
"for your single egg, O silly one,
I lay at least a million;
suppose for each I cried:
'O progeny miraculous, particular
spectaculous!'
what a hullaballoo there'd be!"

Ian Serrailler is worth your exploration, if you wish something rare.

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A University Library Is a Science

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. ITS ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION, AND FUNCTIONS. By Louis Round Wilson and Maurice F. Tauber. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 570 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DONALD G. WING

THE latest volume in the "University of Chicago Studies in Library Science" is a notable addition to a series which has been remarkable from its inception for summarizing the tremendous amount of articles and brief monographs on various phases of library science. The present volume is the most generally interesting since "The Medieval Library," by James Westfall Thompson, which is already a classic. The authors here are very well qualified for a study of the University Library as it has become today, because of their different generations and backgrounds. Mr. Wilson is professor emeritus of library science, and dean emeritus of the Graduate Library School at the University of Chicago, while Mr. Tauber is assistant director, Technical Services, and assistant professor of library science at Columbia. Quite naturally the examples given in the text are largely drawn from the authors' own experience, but the book is well supplied with numerous charts, tables, and diagrams giving comparative figures for a wide range of university libraries.

The aim of the volume is "to review the changes which have taken place in the university library in response to the demands made upon it by university growth; to consider systematically the principles and methods of university and library administration; and to formulate generalizations concerning the organization, administration, and functions of the university library to the end that it may serve its clientele more adequately and efficiently than it has in the past. It is also intended to aid the university administrator in understanding the role of the library in the total administration of the university, to acquaint faculty members and members of learned societies with the problems which adequate service to them involves, and to make available to students of library science a body of principles and methods." These aims are never forgotten and the result is rewarding for anyone already interested in such problems. The dulness of the volume comes from a strictly pedestrian style, together with complete faith in charts of admittedly incomplete statistics. In general the figures used are for the academic year 1940-41, but the full bibliographies at the end of each chapter show that the most recent discussions have been used.

The volume opens with a detailed analysis of the functions and administrative organization of the university library. This section leads to a discussion of personnel training, selection, and salaries. Three chapters on various aspects of increasing and caring for the book collections are followed by several shorter chapters on such subjects as the physical building, the library's teaching function, coöperation and specialization and types of records and surveys. Finally, there is a chapter on future developments, which outlines suggestions for further volumes on such matters as the history of university libraries and spots in earlier sections of the book which proved incomplete or inconclusive.

No answer will be found here for such questions as arise almost daily in library work such as why many university libraries continue to be browbeaten into allowing a constantly changing faculty to dictate what books are to be acquired and why some of our leading librarians have not been converted to worship of the library school.

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IN THE EDEN THAT IS ERIE'S

IN the Eden that is Erie's,
I came on a sudden sunburst of cherries.
Tramping along the lakeshore road,
I might have been Adam, since it was eve
Whose cherry cheeks of sunset showed.
Forbidden fruit, I did believe,
Were millions and millions of reddest gems,
Spilled, glistening rubies on stems.

Nobody knows how many I stole,
And God knows if I've saved my soul,
But there my Paradise I gained,
Dusty, penniless, alone;
Tramping along the lakeshore road,
My shirtfront with wine of cherries stained.
I walked with secret riches all my own,
Nobody hated and nobody owed—
And my pockets full of stolen cherries
In the Eden that is Erie's!

WELBORN HOPE.

* * *

I wish to give Don Russell of *The Chicago Daily News* room again to wind up the general discussion of General King. Here is what he says:

> I gather from your June 2 note that you are as fed up with the Buffalo Bill-Yellow Hand affair as must have been Chris Madsen when he made that crack to Tom Ferrill that Miss Sandoz is so concerned about. I can imagine the tone in which he said it!
>
> But she is right in saying we should "give credence to Chris Madsen" if she will accept what he left of public record—in the *Daily Oklahoman,* November 4, 1934, reprinted in *Winners of the West,* St. Joseph, Mo., November and December issues, 1934; in *The Farmer-Stockman,* June 1, 1941; and (in Danish) in Axel H. Anderson's biography published in Omaha, 1912. In all of these he says Buffalo Bill killed Yellow Hand, and Chris Madsen located the spot for the monument to that even and took part in the dedication ceremonies.
>
> My serious objection, however, is to letting the matter drop with the statement "General King, it seems, was quite unreliable in matters of fact." This is a grave reflection on an officer and gentleman of the old school who may not have been a great literary figure, but certainly was regarded as of the highest integrity by his associates.
>
> King fully explains the affair concerning Mr. Davenport on pages 153-155 of "Campaigning with Crook" and his retraction of the charge of cowardice, which "was accepted in a letter as courteous as could possibly be asked." It appears that Mr. Davenport had previously retracted some statements he had made, so the affair is somewhat more involved than Miss Sandoz would make it.
>
> As for the "old army officer from Fort Laramie" I presume she refers to Maj. Henry E. Noyes, who objected to "having a distorted image (of army life) displayed by such mental strabismus as Captain King's works exhibit." King reprinted the entire criticism in a folder, which he circulated among army officers, asking their comments. Almost universally they urged him to continue his work of making the army known to the people.
>
> Was there not anywhere one single unkindly objection to Miss Sandoz's view of "Crazy Horse"? If so, I am prepared to accept it as absolute proof that she is "quite unreliable in matters of fact."

* * *

Ethel Jacobson of Fullerton, Del., has got good and tired of a certain type of poet, and sends me this:

TO A TOO COY POET

You cannot *write.* You make this plea
In rimes of sly diablerie,
  In triolet and virelay
  And rondeau (plain and *redoublé,*
Complete with accent on the e).
Such reams of facile poetry,
Unmatched for virtuosity!
  Their burthen they themselves gainsay:
  You cannot write?

I'm too suggestible, you see!
If you persist, I may agree;
  So quit this specious coyness, pray.
  Kindly omit the equine play
Before I say, "O.K. by me.
  You cannot. Right."

* * *

Christopher Morley informs me that our old friend, the late John Ranken Towse (b. 1845), erst dramatic critic of the old *New York Evening Post,* was at school in Highgate 1855-64, and was a schoolmate there of Gerard Manley Hopkins. See (he says) p. 437 of "Notebooks and Papers of G. M. Hopkins." Oxford University Press, 1937. "What a pity we never had time, or took time, really, to sit down and chew the rag with that fine old man. O the omissions of youth!" Chris is right, of course; but as I remember it, in those days Mr. Towse himself was a very busy man. And we were, even as in Youth today, full of our own most momentous concerns!

* * *

Gretna Green, who calls herself *The Fat Lady of the Triolets,* will not allow me to "grow younger as I grow older," at least, not in peace. She restlessly inquires:

Oh youthful you, whose age does not diminish,
The while *my* years plunge headlong to life's finish!
Your babyhood onrushing makes me nervous—
How soon, dear, will you want the Diapen Service!

And who was it wrote that short story about the man who grew backwards till he did end up as an actual "mewling and puking" infant? I think I should rather have had Gretna say, "My years plunge onward to a photo-finish." The eye cannot always catch the exact moment of the Finish, you know!

The end of one man, recently, has made me sad, and yet he was a man I did not know very well. He was David McKelvy White who recently died in Brooklyn at forty-three, was the son of the Governor of Ohio, went to the Hill and Princeton and got his M.A. from Columbia; and then decided it was up to him to go to Spain and fight against Franco, which he did valiantly, with a machine-gun! He returned and raised money for the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and at one time I helped him all I could, to get the boys home and get them hospital care, and so on. That was a brave lot of youth that went to fight for the Spanish Republic! I hope they will live, some of them to see a new and living republic over there, after we get rid of Franco. Dave White was an unselfish hard worker for the things he believed in. I did not think as he did in some respects. That doesn't matter now. He deserves a good epitaph. In all my dealings with him I always found him a square and courageous man, a thoughtful and a kind. I'll bet he was a good teacher, too, in his teaching years!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 113

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 113 *will be found in the next issue.*

TNKGZO GO CKN HNM LNKD

GKOHGMWDGCK WKP

KGKNDA-KGKN HNM LNKD

HNMOHGMWDGCK.

—NPGOCK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 112

WHEN THOU SEEST AN EAGLE, THOU SEEST A PORTION OF GENIUS; LIFT UP THY HEAD.

—BLAKE.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

MAN, failure, wishes to correspond. Box 964-L.

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Effective September 1st, the rate for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of *SRL* will be 15c per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 33*)

GENTLEMAN, not yet middle aged, welcomes correspondence with a young woman who follows the arts and likes to write letters. Box 16-M.

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CLASSIFIED

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

FOR our Decennial Scroll not thus far included are: W. R. Dunton, Jr., Catonsville, Md.; Harold B. Landreth, Judge of Superior Court, Los Angeles; Albert H. Enersen, Judge of District Court, Marshall, Minn.; Mrs. James H. Moffett, New Rochelle, N. Y.; the Rev. Richard T. Lyford, Church of St. Asaph, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Mrs. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lyman, Sweet Briar, Va.; Miriam C. Berry and her father (deceased, May 1945), Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Wilbour Scofield, Pleasantville, Pa.

Judge Landreth writes that "when my judicial temperament is most sorely tried, nothing restores my equilibrium quicker than a go at the current puzzle during recess." Judge Enersen recalls his pride in what turned out to be a completely imaginary solution of the first DC, which he did on a vacation in his grand "State of 10,000 Lakes." Mrs. Moffett reminds me that she won the second prize at a DC contest at the Hotel New Yorker, staged jointly by the National Puzzlers' League and Simon & Schuster, in those early DC days, when Phyllis McGinley, Will Irwin, and Gelett Burgess were the noted judges of the contest. Mrs. M. has long pleaded for a change in the DC format and is pleased with the new set-up. The Rev. Richard T. Lyford did his first DC on a summer trip to England, finding the book a life-saver against the members of a large delegation of hymn-singing denominationalists on the ship. He and a neighbor check up weekly by phone on their findings. The Lymans, then of New York, wrote us such jolly letters of family competition between parents and their young college students when the *SRL* arrived at their summer home in Cummington, Mass. Miriam Berry laid a trap for her father who was a bit "sniffy" about puzzles in general, and caught him so effectively that she subscribed to two copies weekly, and enlarged their reference library that they might do them together. He became a fine enthusiast for DC's. Mrs. Scofield stresses the fascinating training of the eye in its recognition of word patterns that help in the solution of unrecognized words from their definitions. Unlike many of you, she delights in "comp.-colloq." items and "likes to think of Ambassador Grew patiently writing in *dot and go one* or *rowdydow* or *hitty-missy*." Mrs. Scofield pleads for a fat anthology of DC's chosen from the last ten books, for old puzzlers and for new ones. As a matter-of-fact, the *SRL* office recently discussed just such a possibility when paper becomes plentiful again.

If you like autobiography and haven't read Logan Pearsall Smith's "Unforgotten Years," make its acquaintance—my new discovery!

AUGUST 18, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 595

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A fetish; a bugaboo.

B. "Act" of Congress making eight hours a normal day of railroad labor (Sept. 3, 1916).

C. A next-door neighbor or a neighbor whose house is on fire.

D. Third of the series of wells dug by Isaac (Bib.)

E. In regard to (3 wds.)

F. Leaf tobacco, softened, sweetened, and pressed into plugs or cakes.

G. "Hills," three conical peaks, in Scotland (highest 1385 ft.)

H. Calm; peaceful.

I. Usual; routine.

J. An Indian of a tribe formerly dwelling at the mouth of the Kennebec River, Me.

K. The player who heads the batting order (Baseball).

L. Birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach (Germany).

M. Roman playwright, master of Latin comedy (190(?)-159 B.C.)

N. Excessively ornate; florid.

O. Members of a mixed race of early Britain.

P. Deduced; disentangled.

Q. Swiss poet and philosopher (1821-81; "Journal Intime").

R. A copse; thicket (Eng.)

S. Seat of the Forest in "As You Like It."

T. Black.

U. Named; called.

V. Battle in Seven Years' War that marked the beginning of British supremacy in India (1757).

W. Quality or state of being frank, candid.

X. Having no certain course; queer.

Y. Ilium (ruined city in Asia Minor).

Z. In a bet, the side receiving odds (2 wds.)

WORDS

51 10 140 68 130 114 168 32 62 151

104 177 85 141 132 152 17

38 70 74 19 30 162 67 143

27 99 29 71 88 33 158 79

160 108 135 41 170 28 59 11

14 1 125 136 105 101 163 87 57

154 102 112 36 139 31

159 120 63 173 149 115 7

77 34 146 127 20 25 166 182

54 89 84 134 161 26 103

148 16 174 98 76 106 39

90 15 65 69 123 4 138 116

18 24 137 73 133 42 52

56 82 40 12 35 153 93

147 96 60 46 172

145 23 110 119 58 95 53

6 72 55 100 83

5 75 179 164 111 44 86

49 94 155 64 117

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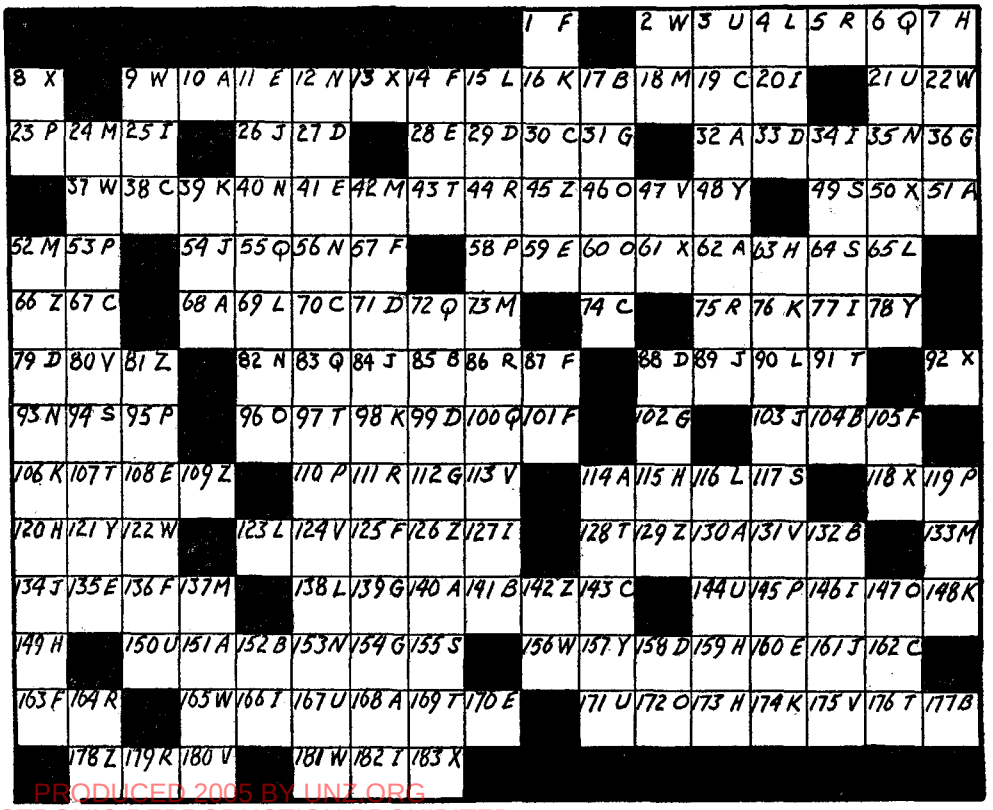
78 121 157 48

81 178 142 129 66 126 45 109



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The hot-dice man

The born hero

The Old Army man

The goldbrick twins

The quiet non-com

The AWOL

The snob

The hard-boiled mess sergeant

The earnest lieutenant

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But as you turn the pages of the novel "E" COMPANY you see something happening to this raw material. As their training proceeds, as they drill and relax and fight and later die together you see them merge into something new: a group of individuals who have put aside their own interests gladly and naturally in order to act together.

In their last fierce battle when the Company is cut to ribbons, you sense with them that "the training, the sweat, the bitching and love and hate had run together, and the men had done their job."

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